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caper

October 1969, Volume 13, Number 12

ARTICLES

16 CAPER'S CRUSADE Against VD
18 A Tale From the Dark Continent, reported by Bill Helmer
27 Suicide, by Dixie Dean Harris
34 The Whores of Germany
47 Great Wines from California Climes, by J. Nelson Tuck
56 To Hell With Jacqueline Susann, by Fred Shannon

PICTORIALS

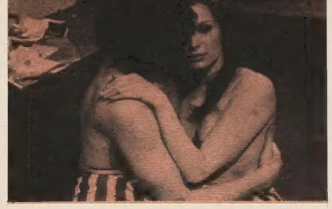
3 Carolyn Compote
10 Dominel Stone
19 Gina
29 Babs Tabbs
39 Miss Lebra
42 Dianne Curtis
44 Kathy Lynn
53 Erika Blanc
58 Mara Macbeth
63 Double Dating Sisters
66 Susan Stewart

FICTION

8 "You're Not So Nice, Mrs. Parker!" by Phil Berger
13 Master of the Parley, by James Sandaval
23 The Sex Machines, by Robert Edwin
36 Swing With Me, by Gil Brewer
50 Last Night, by William Austin

DEPARTMENTS

6 Letters To the Editor
32 Celebrity Gourmet: Henry Mancini, by Joey Sasso
62 Reviews: Records/Books/Movies



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LETTERS

To the Editor:
At the time I'm writing this I have a copy of the Breslin story (August CAPER) and also a newspaper item saying he was running for mayor of New York. There wasn't a word about it in CAPER and I wondered why. Wasn't he running on the same ticket with Norman Mailer?
Fred Gorton
Phoenix, Arizona

Editor's Note: Actually the article was written before Mailer and Breslin decided to enter the race. They have both entered the Democratic primary. Mailer for the mayoralty nomination and Breslin for the President of the City Council. The decision came too late to be included. But Breslin and Mailer did shed some intellectual light into what otherwise might have been the same old stodgy campaign.

To the Editor:
Please Be Kind To Your Bookie' (July CAPER) reminds me of a guy I used to know. This fellow was always changing his name too. But that was years ago. I thought bookmaking was against the law. I don't understand how they have to pay a federal tax to do something which is illegal in the first place. I don't understand it at all—and besides do I have to pay the fifty bucks for the stamp?
J.T.
New York City

Editor's Note: We can't give legal advice. But it is one of those strange quirks where there are taxes for what is generally an illegal activity. When you get the correct answer, let us know, too.

To the Editor:
That view of Maria Costa in the July CAPER was something else again. Now personally I go for girls who look exactly like she does, and pose exactly like she does. She's the kind of a girl a guy would go out of his way to meet. In other words I bet she'd be easy to know. Do you get what I mean?
Sam Maitland
Portland, Oregon

Editor's Note: Only too well do we get what you mean. You're a bit more subtle about this same delightful gal whom we had the pleasure of showing off. Anyway, the answer is always a discreet, "That's not the way the game is played." But thanks for your interest.

To the Editor:
I like cartoons, good cartoons that just don't repeat the same old gags. And I must say that I've seen some of the funniest (and the best drawn) in recent issues of CAPER. Thought you would like to know.
George Carraway
Omaha, Nebraska

Editor's Note: We always like to know such things.

To the Editor:
Who ever gave a girl a name like Paisley Popps (August CAPER)? I don't believe that any parent in the world would hang such a monicker on a pretty young thing like she is. I know many people, and especially girls change their names, when they go on the stage. But Paisley Popps indeed!
George Hamilton
Augusta, Maine

Editor's Note: Indeed! Then maybe you've heard of the Andy Warhol actress (!) whose last name is Superstar. At a party she was told that if she got married, she wouldn't have the name "Superstar" any more. She answered she didn't care because it wasn't her real name anyway. But tell us what else would you call a girl whose last name is Popps?

To the Editor:
Seems to me you're getting pretty serious with the discussion of cancer and cigarettes in the August CAPER. It was about the last kind of article I expected to find. You can't tell me that that's the final answer on the subject. After all the cigarette companies are still advertising.
G. W. Valley
Charlotte, N.C.

Editor's Note: No, the article wasn't meant to be the last word on the subject. But it can't be dismissed. And whatever else our readers are, they are men who should know as much as they could about a subject that affects most of them. It was fitting to be discussed, and that's why it was published.

To the Editor:
How about less serious articles—more girls and more light fiction and short too!
Jack Barnes
Orlando, Florida

Editor's Note: And then there's the other guy who wants just the opposite. So what we have packed into every issus of CAPER is a well rounded distribution of pics, features and fiction. More than enough for everyone, at least we hope we're satisfying the great majority of our readers. Although from time to time we intend to go a bit more heavy on the pics and see how it works out.

To the Editor:
One more question on Drew Berkowitz (June CAPER). I still don't know whether there really was such a guy. Was it really possible to create such a fictional character and get I way with it?
Sam Albert
Boston, Mass.

Editor's Note: The character was actually a press agent's creation. The fact that it might be near impossible to create such a fiction today doesn't mean it didn't happen. Strangely enough, no matter how you try to prove to people something is a fake, and if they don't want to be convinced, they won't be. So for a few of you, we've decided to add Drew to our editorial staff.

"You're Not So Nice, Mr. Parker!"

BY PHIL BERGER

She was sure of herself and sure of him—but things didn't turn out exactly the way she expected . . .

He knocked on the chipped gray metal door and waited for her answer.

"I called," he mumbled, and repeated it louder.

"Door's open," she said, casually.

There was a short hallway and then, to his right, a beaded curtain. Inside, the room was dimly lit by bulbs that were frosted pink and he caught the fragrance of incense and the sweet pungence of smoke. A fan was blowing, mobiles stirred. There were pencil sketches of nudes on the wall.

"Are you Parker?" she asked.

He glanced about before focusing on her. She was sitting up, a pillow propped behind her, and was covered to the shoulders of a powder blue peignoir by a quilt. She reached for a brush on her night table and, with a faint smile, began stroking her lank, dark hair.

"Parker," she said, testing the sound of his name.

"That's right," he said.

She put the brush down and rolled her neck slowly so that her hair fell

against her cheeks and down about her smooth white shoulders. She enjoyed the feel of it. Her lips parted in a vague smile, she opened her eyes wide to him. Long lashes framed her light brown eyes. Her lips were full, the upper one curled back slightly. She was young, pretty and not at all what he had expected.

"Are you surprised, Parker?"

"I guess I am . . ." nodding slowly.

She smiled, then took a rolled cigarette from the ash tray on the night table. Her fingers were delicately long. the cigarette was burnt nearly to its end.

"You're not nervous," she said.

He tucked his hands inside his back pockets and shrugged, but she stared beyond him and didn't notice.

"The other few were," she went on, more to herself than him.

She pinched the cigarette stub between her thumb and index finger and sucked hard. Tilting her head back, she trapped the smoke in her mouth and when it had settled, offered him a drag. He accepted and, inhaling, felt the scratch of it against his throat and then vibrations at the side of his head. When he extended the cigarette toward her, she refused; so he let it burn in the ash tray.

"The others . . ." he began, trying to be casual.

"It's like a hobby," she interrupted. "Like—

"Just curious," he said, politely.

". . . collecting stamps . . . or butterflies. Do you have a hobby, Parker?"

"Crafts."

"What?"

"Crafts. Like arts and crafts."

"Oh," raising a brow.

Parker paced a few steps and, with his back toward her, said, "Your voice sounds different."

"That was my answering service," she said. "I was out when you phoned."

She shifted in bed so that the quilt slid to her lap. Without changing expression, he continued to watch her.

"The girl you spoke to," she said, "enjoys being sexy on the phone. She's a bitch on women customers."

"Sounds bad," he said.

"What?"—her mind was obviously elsewhere. "Oh . . . her. What she needs is"—she smiled and broke off her thoughts.

Parker turned and slipped his leather vest off. He folded it neatly over a stiff-backed chair.

"How much does that leather number go for?" she asked.

"I made it."

"Quite handsome . . . You make things for a living? Is that what you do?"

"Right."

She frowned. "Parker, you're baiting me. I like words. All kinds. Monosyllabic, polysyllabic, the whole damn dictionary of them. Talk. Conversation. Information."

He sat on the chair, chin in palm, looking at her, not speaking.

"Words, Parker, words. Use them."

He shrugged, then ran his hand through his dark, shaggy hair.

"I don't get it," he said finally.

"You called. You *must* get it."

The phone rang before he could think to reply. Lorna gave no indication that she heard, and permitted it to keep ringing. It persisted for half-a-dozen rings, then stopped. Now the room was strangely silent, the only noise they were aware of was the fan.

"There's Chianti in the fridge," she said, flicking her wrist elegantly in the direction of the kitchen. "It's nineteen-sixty-three vintage. A very good year." As he went to get it, she added: "From the song of the same name."

She lay back with a dreamy expression on her face, staring at the ceiling without focusing, and smiling to herself. Then, sitting up, she took Zig Zag rolling paper from the night table and fashioned another smoke. When she had finished, she licked the gummed edges to seal it, and twisted the ends. She set the joint on the ash tray for later and lay back again, running her hands slowly across her ash white thighs.

"What's keeping you, Parker?"

"Your impatience," he answered indifferently. ". . . plus your GE is stuck some."

She smiled: she found him amusing in an odd way.

Parker came in with the frosted glasses in one hand, the bottle in the other. His walk was a shuffle; he concentrated on not spilling the glasses. He carefully placed hers on the table, the bottle next to it. She reached for the drink and nodded thanks. He finally sat in the chair.

"I'd like the cork," he said.

"You'd what?"

"The cork. To the bottle . . . When we're finished."

"What in hell for? What do you want a cork for?"

"To make a camel."

She smiled. "A camel," reflectively. "You did say . . . camel?"

"Right. You use a fret saw to cut the cork in half. A vertical cut for the humps."

"The humps," she said absently.

"Mmm. And other corks for the body and head. Toothpicks for the legs and neck, matches for the ears, cigarette package stripper for the reigns . . . I make them for the kids in the neighborhood."

"Why not?" she said, with a faint smile. "Tell me, what other ingenious numbers can you do?"

He waited a while before answering. "Lots of things," he said. "But leather is my specialty. The rest is for diversion.

When I was a kid, I could make a little donkey from sunflower stalks."

"Where was that?"

"In the midwest . . . The body and head from the thick lower part of the stalk, the ears from split reed, the legs from scraps of wood. You didn't use glue, never use it for green wood. Everything's got to be joined together by splicing."

"What made you come, Parker?" she asked, quite abruptly.

"I was invited," unhesitatingly.

"People can be uninvited."

He sipped the wine. "It's very good," he said, raising the glass. "Exceptionally good."

"You know who you remind me of, Parker?"

"Who?"

"Peepers."

"Peepers who?"

"Mr. Peepers. Television. Wally Cox. The meek little guy."

"I don't remember him," Parker lied.

"Forget it."

"You're very hostile," he said, deadpan.

"I prefer acidulous. Acidulous is a better word. Don't you think?"

"In its place," he answered.

They sipped a while, regarding each other over the frosted glasses.

"Are you familiar with Schiller?" she asked.

"Somewhat."

"From Wilhelm Tell," she said. "*He that is overcautious will accomplish little* . . . I chalked in my phone number beneath that."

"And?"

"It failed miserably. Two fags called. Two screaming faggots."

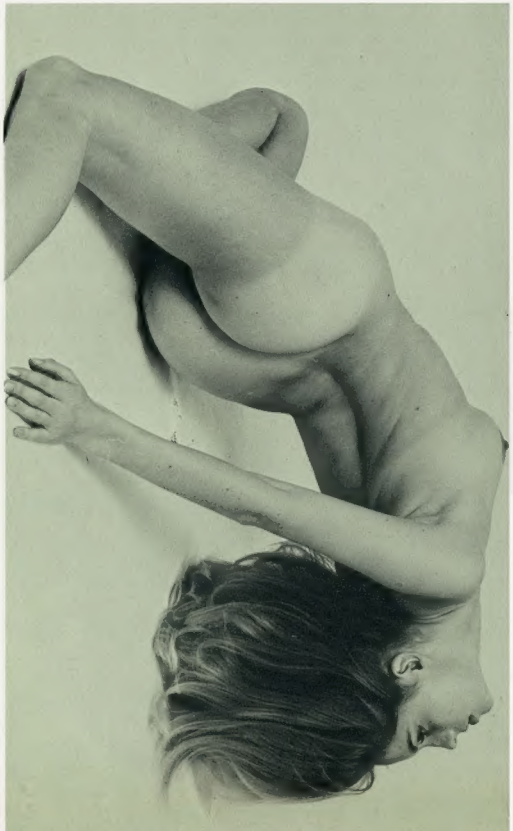
"That's funny," he half-smiled.

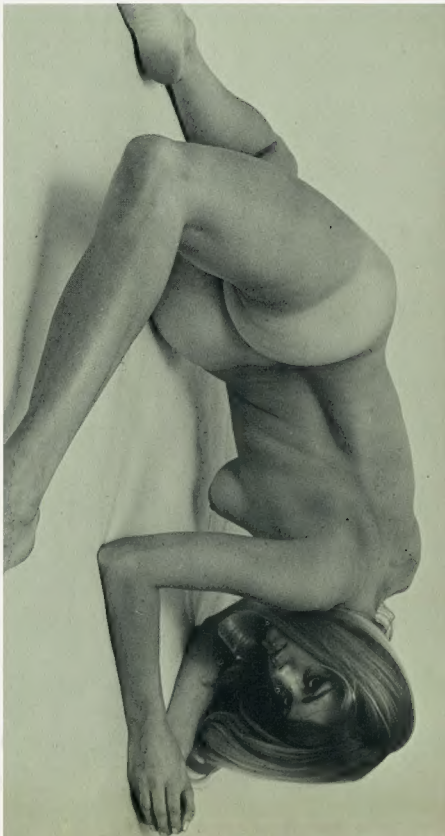
"No, it isn't, Parker." She brought the wine glass to her lips and this time finished it. Parker got up and poured her another. When he started to move away, she touched

[continued on page 73]

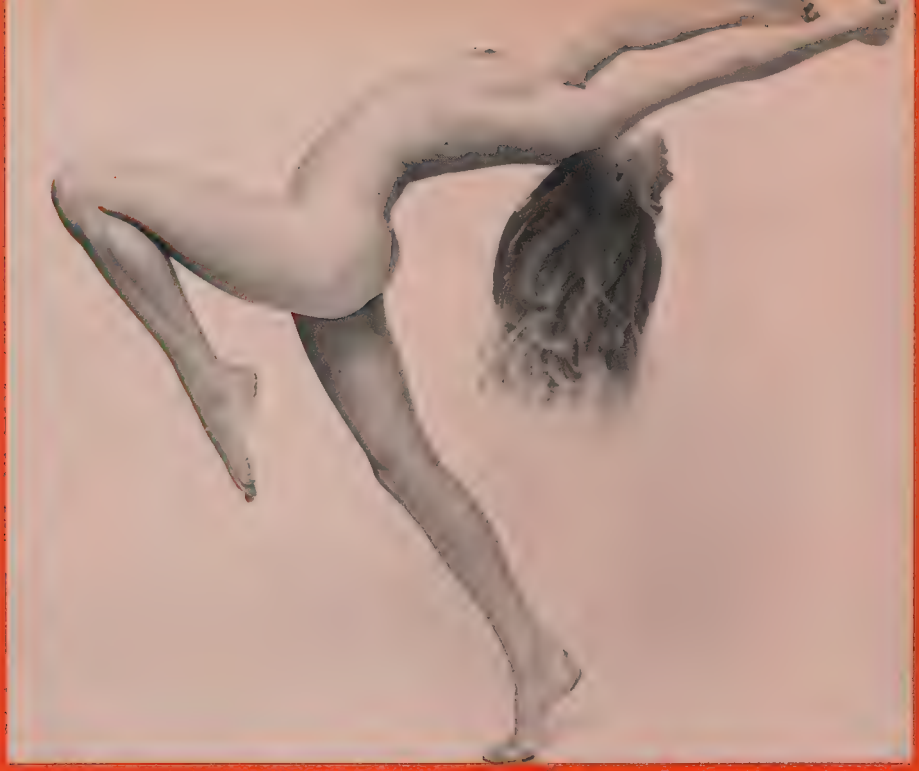
DOMINEL STONE

If position is everything in life, Dominel has it made. There's a sound reason for the twisting,turning, grimacing, gyrating gesticulations. There's a pleasure in the exertion, the forcing of her beautiful body into strangely wonderful positions. It is an accomplishment Dominel has mastered with the same diligence she applies to whatever she does. And so, there is the double reward—one for the doer and one for the viewer. The posturing has a definition of movement that speaks the silent syllables of sensuous stress. It is an art form she has mastered and pioneered; to reward those who know more intimately the self-control that must be exerted to attain such perfection.





Each movement of Dominel's body has a symbolic and a literal meaning, yet not so esoteric there aren't those who are privy to its true meaning. Some poses are held, so that time stands still in wonder. Others move in constant change where the smallest quiver of a muscle, or twist of a torso suggests and speaks of wonders few women possess—few men ever attain.



MASTER OF THE PARLEY

BY JAMES SANDAVAL

People who have something to offer, usually are willing to share. He had nothing, so he took and took and took.

I waited in the entrance area of the cocktail lounge until my vision adjusted to its dim interior lighting. The decor was fin-de-siecle brothel: red velvet, green plush, and gilt mirrors. I sat down at the horseshoe-shaped bar, ordered a Jim Beam on the rocks, and looked over the situation.

There were the usual number of unattached women at the small tables in the room. Among them were the usual number of serious drinkers, plus those who had something other than the contents of the glass on the table before them on their minds. My glance

[continued on next page]

circled the room twice and then returned to a good-looking, fresh-faced woman who sat alone.

Her fur wrap was thrown back carelessly from her shoulders over the back of her chair. I was interested to note that it was expensive fur. Her attractive-looking hair was done in the snow-white feather cut so much in the mode, but I estimated her age at under-forty. Her pastel-colored mini-cocktail gown appeared slightly longer than fashion decreed. Even sitting down as she was, I could see that the originally fine lines of a superb figure were beginning to be blurred by increasing weight. But her jutting breasts were still firm and full. She was also wearing square-cut granny glasses. All in all, she looked pretty good to me.

She saw me looking at her, and her eyes dropped to her drink. I looked away in turn, then back again. In the interval her glasses had disappeared. What else did I need to know? I slid from my bar stool and approached her table. "Pardon me, ma'am," I said in my politest tone. "I'm conducting a survey for an optometrical association. How long have you been wearing glasses?"

Gray-eyes surveyed me coolly. She was even better looking at closer range. Her facial skin had a dewy quality seen usually only in the very young. She removed the glasses from her handbag and studied them for a moment. "Six years," she said when she finally made up her mind to humor me. In one glance the gray eyes had taken in my height, weight, looks, clothing, and morals.

I removed an envelope from the inside breast pocket of my jacket and wrote a note on the back of it. "You prefer the old-fashioned granny-glasses type of eyeglass?" I asked.

"Let's say they suit a woman of my advancing years," she answered. Her voice had a throaty quality.

"Bi-focals?"

"Yes." She smiled. "I couldn't have seen your face clearly without them."

"Tinted?"

"No."

I sat down at her table. "I haven't seen you here before."

"This is my first visit." She smiled again. "I'd heard that it was a happy hunting ground for a lone woman on the prowl."

I liked that. Direct. No need for ploy and counter-ploy. I stood up again and offered her my hand. I was going to gamble. "My place or yours?"

This time the gray eyes examined my personality, attitudes, inhibitions, and prejudices. "Mine," she said at last after taking fifteen seconds to make up her mind.

As I adjusted her wrap about her sleek shoulders, she accidentally (?) pressed her buttocks into my groin. It felt good. On the way out I stopped at the bar to pay for my untouched Jim Beam. During the cab ride I learned only that her name was Marilyn and that she couldn't be touched in a taxi. The cab stopped in front of a high-rise apartment building whose doorman looked me over carefully without appearing to do so. Boy, how I hate those bastard doormen. We rode up in a self-service elevator to the penthouse apartment. That, I hadn't expected.

"Just a moment," she said inside her front hall after she had unlocked the door and admitted us. She put on her glasses, placed her hand under my chin, and studied my face. "You're younger than I thought," she said in a doubtful tone. Her hand dropped to the lapel of my suit. "That's excellent material although the cut is a bit garish."

"I work for a haberdasher."

"I'm glad to hear you have a job."

"You are? Why?"

"A professional gigolo gets into a rut." She had a really nice smile. "Other than the one he's servicing."

She moved inside the apartment. Rooms spread out to seeming infinity on either side of us. The furnishings were moderne-with-money-no-object. We walked on deep-piled carpeting through three rooms before we came to her bedroom.

I unzipped the back of her dress for her before she went into the bathroom. When she emerged, she had on a flaming-red silk negligee. I sat her down on the edge of the bed and parted the negligee. She was nude under it. Her breasts were just what I had expected, firm, full and perkily tip-tilted. She had the tight little roll of belly-fat which women her age acquire and which makes such a delightful fulcrum against which to apply pressure. Oh my, yes.

I traced with a fingertip the marks her removed girdle had made on her flesh. I traced the dark exclamation point between her soft thighs. I rolled her onto her stomach and played with the gleaming mounds of her ample buttocks, then kissed the dimple in each cheek. She was entirely passive under my handling of her. Her breathing was deep and even. I rose from the bed and undressed. I was determined to make her breathing deep and *uneven*.

When I rejoined her, I disposed of the negligee completely. She was totally relaxed as I manipulated her. She leaned back on her elbows and watched almost sleepily, albeit with interest as I paid preliminary attention to her individual attractions. She made no move of her own, and I understood that she was challenging me. I settled down to turning her on fully before really getting down to work.

It took quite a few moments, but they

"Hello? . . . Hello?"

were pleasant moments. When she became a hissing tea-kettle, I settled her beneath me. No volcano ever contained more molten lava when I finally took the plunge. Marilyn's gray eyes turned three shades darker from the intensity of her aroused emotion. She responded willingly to friction, eagerly to experimentation, and gladly to repetition.

Our exercises took three hours. When I was ready to leave, Marilyn insisted upon dressing and accompanying me to the apartment lobby. "This is my nephew," she told the doorman after instructing him to call me a cab. "You'll be seeing him from time to time." The man nodded.

"I'll be seeing you like Friday evening?" Marilyn suggested as we waited for the taxi.

"I'll be delighted."

"You certainly will," she said fervently, and squeezed my arm.

Friday proved to be as great a success as our first time together. Marilyn was bolder. She turned out to have a febrile imagination. During my visit, in fact, she became uninhibitedly innovative. If I had been giving grades, hers would have been magna cum laude.

We made another date for the following Tuesday. Upon arriving at the apartment, I nodded familiarly to the doorman and took the elevator to the penthouse. The door opened immediately at my knock. Marilyn was attired in flowered lounging pajamas, and she held a glass in her hand. "You're very prompt, darling," she greeted me. "I like that."

Behind her I heard the sound of tinkling glassware and raised voices. I raised an eyebrow. "Unexpected company?"

"Not unexpected. Come in."

I followed her into the king-sized drawing room. Three women in identical lounging pajamas to Marilyn's inspected me as I entered. Along with the pajamas, they shared a roughly comparable age bracket, and the snow-white feather cuts. All else was different. There was a slender olive-skinned woman with blue eyes, a skinny fair-skinned woman with green eyes, and a plump, creamy-skinned woman with dark eyes.

"These are the officers of the Snowball Club," Marilyn said as she handed me a drink. "Hazel, Maureen, and Esthe."

I nodded to each in turn before I seated myself. "The Snowball Club?" I repeated with a rising inflection.

"Yes," Marilyn said. "Club members share three things in common. Our haircuts, our divorced status, and the fact that at one time we all danced in a Broadway chorus line."

"I see," I said, although I wasn't sure that I did.

"Remember now. Alice thinks I'm on a business trip, so everybody yell 'Surprise.'

"We're considering sharing a fourth factor in common," the plump, dark-eyed Esther informed me.

"I see," I said again, and I was beginning to. From the looks of the glasses on the tables in the room, the meeting had been going on for some time. "Is it a large club?"

"Fifty-eight members," Hazel, the slender, olive-skinned one replied. "But that's all over the country. There's rarely more than a dozen of us who get together at any one time."

"Drink up," Marilyn urged me. "You have some catching up to do."

I finished my drink and had another. When I declined a third, the skinny, fair-skinned Maureen spoke for the first time. "I move that the meeting adjourn to the bedroom and the first item on the agenda be taken up," she said.

The meeting adjourned to the bedroom where the officers of the Snowball Club and its guest—me—undressed. The agenda had evidently been planned well in advance as there was no conversation. Hazel and Maureen removed the bottoms of the plump Esther's lounging pajamas and led her to the bed. Esther's billowing protuberances had the appearance of globular whipped cream.

Marilyn took me by the hand and led me closer to the bed, and while Maureen and Hazel watched, she steered me deftly to the target.

We ran through the agenda in rapid-fire order with all club officers participating. There was only one surprise. When it was Maureen's turn, she turned out to be double-jointed and was able to personally observe our combined activities from angles I wouldn't have believed possible. All the club officers put their backs into their work.

"I was proud of you, darling," Marilyn whispered to me in the drawing room when it was time for me to leave.

"Goodnight, ladies," I saluted them en masse. "Pleasant dreams."

"The same to you," they chorused. "You'll be hearing from us."

And I did.

Which is why I'm no longer working for the haberdasher. I'm comfortably installed in an air-conditioned twenty-six room clubhouse on Bird Key near Sarasota. I swim a lot and take the sun. Marilyn serves as den mother to the coming-and-going club members who drop in for shorter or longer vacations.

I haven't met all the club members yet, but it shouldn't take much longer.

At the Snowball Club's most recent annual meeting, I was elected Vice President in Charge of Club Intramural Activities and given a bonus.

I'm now planning a well-rounded schedule of activities during my term in office.

Marilyn says that I definitely show executive ability. •

CAPER'S CRUSADE AGAINST VD

Sexual freedom has produced an increase in social diseases. The amateurs are worse offenders than the pros. They must be curbed.

The most terrifying statistic to come along, in conjunction with the so-called sexual revolution, is that syphilis and gonorrhea have spread drastically over the past ten years. It is also a matter of record that more young people—and teenagers in particular—are spreading VD than ever before in the history of this country.

The new sexual freedoms and integrated sexual intercourse may be okay, but the greatest incidence of VD is still to be found in the low income areas, in the ghettos, where education and health standards are inferior. Poor black and white girls have come out of the southern hovels to find excitement in San Francisco, Chicago and New York. Taken in, and sleeping with whomever they can, to earn enough bread to survive, they're transmitting syphilis and gonorrhea, without knowing what VD is all about. Moving from city to city and coast to coast, these young girls are the greatest carriers.

Further, the greater use of the 'pill,' which has virtually eliminated fears of unwanted pregnancy has brought about a sharp increase in pre-marital sex regardless of age, economic or intellectual background. This, plus the fact that VD is practically undetectable in a woman without a medical examination, have made teen-age girls the greatest disease carriers since the plague overran Europe.

Because the statistics are frightening, and because we are men, we at CAPER feel the time has come for

every girl over the age of puberty to get a "Clean-health-VD-identity card." And we are serious when we make this demand

"Short arm inspection" may uncover symptoms in a guy, but a free-wheeling chick can literally spread VD from sea-to-shining-sea before she's found out.

In spite of whatever else you might read, there is no vaccine that can prevent VD. The syphilis spirochete, although delicate, is dangerous. It thrives only in the body. And don't let anybody kid you; you won't get it from a drinking cup, hardly ever at all from kissing, no matter what you do with your tongue. This disease is transmitted only by direct contact. If what that means has to be spelled out for you, you're in big trouble already.

Perhaps right now, you are saying to yourself, "Who me? I'd never get infected, not from the girls I know!" Well, maybe not. But what about the other guys the girls know? Can you guarantee that not one of them might have transmitted his infection to one of those 'nice' girls, and she, innocently enough, passed it on to you?

You still want to bet?

Well, don't. The odds are against you!

Just in case you don't know, the incidence of venereal disease in this country has gone up over 400% in the last five years. There are over 100,000 cases of infection reported each year And they don't include gonorrhea, of which there are about a million cases recorded each year. If the figures bore you, remember most authorities say that 90% of the cases never get reported at all.

Syphilis and gonorrhea are no respecters of class or education. The records show that rich college girls spread it almost as often as the poor girl from the ghetto. Prostitutes, on the other hand—because with them, sex is business—have a far lower record of infection than the 'sweet young things' who think it is very modern to shack up with every guy they meet

If we had a law that girls had to have "health cards" filled out by a doctor to attest to the fact that they are 'clean,' the odds on a guy losing his hair or developing small rashes and sores over his body and face and tongue, would be lessened. Should you get infected, don't be misled or feel relieved when the warning signs clear up by themselves. That's the nature of the disease. But bear in mind, if you've received no medical attention the disease will still be there, stronger than ever—even though it appears to be cleared up.

The women, on the other hand, carries her warning sores deep inside her body. Because they don't usually hurt, she has no way of knowing that she is infected unless she has a medical checkup. Obviously the health card won't mean she isn't a carrier, but it will at least assure a guy that, as of a particular date, the girl he's with is clean. It puts the odds a little more in his favor.

Girls should be forced to get identity health cards and it should be done on a national basis. But, that's hardly likely. One can almost hear the screams about the "invasion of privacy." Maybe so, but we at CAPER feel the invasion of this kind of privacy can prove a protection for the male "privates."

While you're looking for some way of taking care of yourself, you ought to be aware that there's hardly a town or city in the whole country that doesn't have some facility for treating syphilis—whether or not you have money to pay for treatment.

Syphilis can be effectively treated within three months after exposure so that the infected individual can be stopped from being a carrier within twenty-four hours. A full cure is possible within two to three weeks after treatment begins. If you're hung up and play long shots, and it takes you up to four years to discover what's been ailing you, it is still possible to be cured. Although, the treatment will take longer.

After that, chances are you'll reach an early old age

Medical authorities continually tell you to take care of yourself and to get regular checkups. They might as well be selling toothpaste and telling you to visit your dentist twice a year. Getting our female bed companions to carry health identity cards may not be the entire answer, but unless something is done, this damn sexual equality is going to chase a lot of guys right into the syphilitic nut house

Should you think you've got "it," and the doctor does diagnose VD, you have an obligation to tell with whom you have been balling. There's no sense in being heroic and not mentioning her name. First, you are doing her a favor, because, as we've previously stated, she probably doesn't know that she's infected. Secondly, you're doing it for all the guys who have made it with her and who may have followed you.

We are already living in an age of cards and numbers: social security numbers, credit cards, army serial numbers, credit cards, bank numbers, credit cards, auto license numbers, credit cards, numbers to stand in line, etc. So one more card with a number that may make the difference between life and death should pose no problem. We repeat again, girls must be made to carry such health cards. Hell, you wouldn't ride in a taxi with an unlicensed driver. So why ride with a chick who's rotating without a permit? And all girls, besides carrying health cards, should be made to hang these cards in their pads like bar licenses, all stamped and certified with the dates large and bold, so a guy can sneak a look before climbing in.

The amateurs, of course, wanting to maintain their standing, aren't going to go for that. But carrying the card doesn't mean she's promiscuous, in fact, it has nothing to do with morality at all. Maybe momma won't like it, but momma will need her own VD card, too. The cards, of course, must be non-transferable.

No doubt there are going to be chicks who will complain about you for even questioning what kind of girls they are. Well, you don't care *what* kind of girls they are. You just want to be sure they're clean.

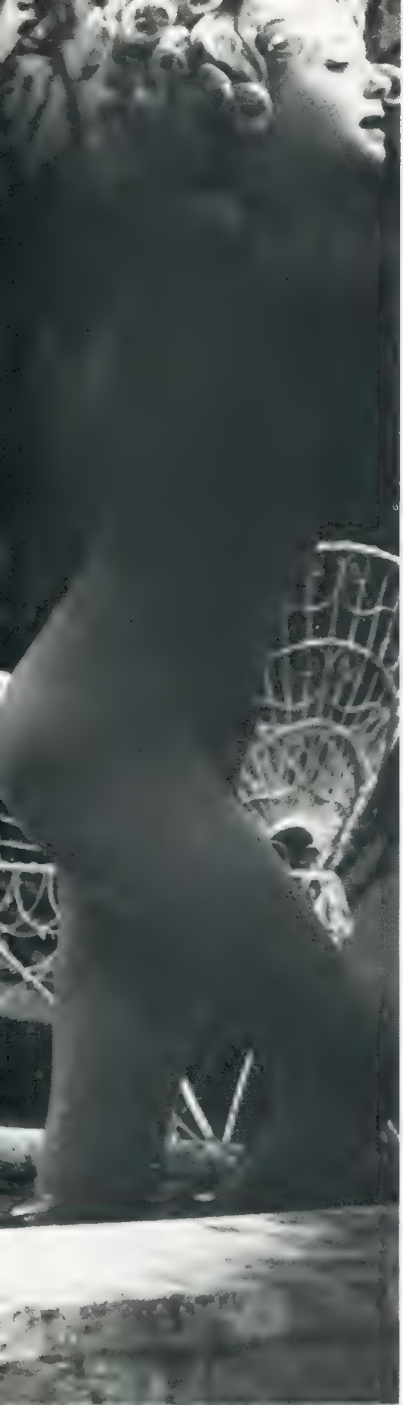
Remember that VD is caused by germs passing from man to woman or woman to man *during* sex relations. To repeat a gag most every GI knows who has heard the medic being asked if you can get VD in the toilet. The answer comes back, "Sure, but it's a hell of a place to take a woman."

If you couldn't care less whether the girl you spend the night with is 'clean,' then maybe a picture of what syphilis does might impress you. This disease, far worse than gonorrhea, infects the liver, heart, bones and brains. Three percent of those infected end up blind, four percent can be crippled for life and another seven percent will develop some form of heart trouble If syphilis is not detected and attended to, in a matter of months to a year, you can become paralyzed or develop paresis, which is an unpleasant term for syphilitic insanity. You like them apples? Then do something about making sure that the nice young girl who's got a reputation from here to the other end of town, doesn't turn into an unknown carrier.

So tonight, or whenever you get lucky and think that you've got it made, keep in mind that some little germ may be lying in wait for you It doesn't mean you're going to come down with anything. But the odds are getting shorter and shorter every time you score. You may even hit the jackpot one of these days.

If you are a man and agree with us that all girls from 13 years and up should have regular health checkups—and be made to carry a card to prove it—we at CAPER want to hear from you! If enough of you join us in this anti-VD crusade, CAPER will use its voice to fight for the necessary legislation. Write to CAPER Crusade, 150 East 52nd St., New York, N.Y 10022. •

CAPER



Out of the Africa of yesterday: a lesson worth learning

A TALE FROM THE DARK CONTINENT

REPORTED BY BILL HELMER

It WAS an Africa of yesterday, when the Dark Continent was still primitive and mysterious and glamorized by men like Hemingway who could shoot the top off a gin bottle at three hundred yards with his German Mannlicher. Lumumba was a harmless barefoot youngster, Francis Macomber trod a then virgin Kenya drinking twahili and stalking white hunters, and white Jeep station wagons with large black letters on their sides were still a thing of the future. That was in 1932, my last year there and one I remembered vividly for the strange things that happened . . . one incident especially, for it was both tragic and ironic, yet a fun thing in a way.

The incident involved a gold-inlaid throne possessed by the Wumamba tribe. It was a beautiful, valuable, and quite unusual piece of merchandise (at least for an African tribe) which had been brought to Kenya by white traders from Spain in exchange for permission to loot an ancient elephant graveyard of its thousands of ivory tusks. It rested on a platform in the village plaza and was used by the tribal chieftain for receiving visiting dignitaries and on certain ceremonial occasions.

One day, however, a neighboring tribe raided the village and, in the process of looting, made off with the golden throne. A week later it was recovered by its rightful owners but not without a bloody fight, and this served to waken the Wumambas to the fact that their throne was quite vulnerable so long as it remained exposed, rather ostentatiously, in the center of the village. This led to an agonizing reappraisal.

Unanimously, the elders of the tribe decided, with the chief's approval, that the throne should be safeguarded from possible future attacks by being locked up and brought forth only for special occasions. And it was decided to stow the throne in the attic of the chief's grass house which was a rather imposing jungle dwelling of several rooms and made entirely of bamboo thatched with jungle grass. For over a year this appeared to be an excellent arrangement. On three occasions the throne was brought forth for ceremonial purposes, but otherwise it remained carefully stowed away out of harm's reach—at least the kind of harm which had been anticipated.

But one day another hazard presented itself. A monsoon accompanied by high winds swept inland and the thatched grass dwellings, suitable for the country's ordinarily hot, still climate, were torn and buffeted by winds of hurricane force. The chief's house suffered especially for it stood alone and relatively unprotected in a small clearing near the center of the village.

After confering with his shamans and witch doctors and finding them powerless to control the destructive storm, the chief retired to his house worriedly to wait it out. He sat alone in the center of the main room, meditating the problem, while the frail structure rocked and swayed violently, threatening to disintegrate.

Probably the house would have withstood the storm but for one thing: the heavy throne in the attic which unbalanced and weakened the structure. With one unusually strong blast of wind the throne came crashing down through the already weakened ceiling and fell, ironically, square atop the chief himself as he sat cross-legged on the floor beseeching with the spirits to intervene. Its great weight was fatal. The chief was crushed.

Whether or not this was punishment for permitting white men to rob the elephants' grave yard, as the tribesmen now believe, I do not know. Another moral lesson, however, seemed obvious: people who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones. •

GINA

There's a particular view of life [illegible] Romantic Romans have which doesn't compromise with pleasure. Gina Pellicini, true to her Roman form, is comfortable with the way she feels, with what she is, and with what she wants. There's time, tomorrow, for work. There's a time, later, for play. Now is the moment to relax, not to worry about money, about how to make ends meet. Something will happen. Something always happens. Gina doesn't worry. She cares, though. Oh, how she cares.

Waiting, wanting, wishing—that's how Gina spends her time. That's the unhurried view of life she's taking. And who wants to rush her into going any place, to break the spell. There's a preening petulance in her pondering. You know she just can't be waiting for nothing to happen. With Gina, waiting is more than half the fun. The rest is, of course, when the waiting is over.

Italians dine late, are inclined to get started more slowly, perhaps. But that's an illusion, as Gina knows. For what she shows is the slow, mnemonical picture of one for whom many a man has waited—the languid lithesome metamorphosizing into the most mobile of women, and the most beautiful.

"I must say just one thing, Dolores—I'm very disappointed in you."

THE SEX MACHINES

BY ROBERT EDWIN

What they did made you forget what they were — and no man seemed to mind.

THE twin suns of Altaire IV were oh-nine-hundred high, when the pneumadoor of his tiny spaceport whooshed open and closed and Larry Starr looked up to see the girl standing before the desk • He grinned, slowly and appreciatively

She looked Vegan, but he wasn't sure — Vegan females, at least in the Altaire system, were as rare as they were sensually beautiful • If she weren't Vegan though, he thought, she sure as hell ought to be tall and perfectly formed, golden, cat-like eyes, polished copper skin, straight, shoulder length, gleaming silver hair, framing her high-cheeked, exotic face like a metal helmet.

She was Vegan, too, in dress • Metaplast half-boots molded her feet and lower calves, metaplast briefs hugged her lower hips and vee like a second skin • Her firm, high, insolent breasts were bare, of course; their dark sienna nipples and areolas a blended part of the intricate body paint design with which humanoid females throughout the system currently adorned their mammaries • Larry was practically drooling

"Do you find me pleasing to look at, Mr. Starr?" Her voice was lilting and melodious, but her manner quite matter-of-fact.

He cleared his throat • "Honey, you are absolutely delicious."

"I am not called Honey • I am called Looahn-Seven" • She frowned, quizzically, then added, "This word 'delicious — as I understand your language, it means 'pleasing to the taste or smell' • I am not wearing a scent, and you have not put your tongue to me . . .?"

"Yes • Well, *uh* —" he cleared his throat again • "How can I help you, Miss Looahn, or Seven, or . . ."

"Looahn-Seven • It is all one name" • She dipped into an ornate metaplast bag slung from her shoulder and came out with a fat envelope • "Here," she said •

He took the envelope, opened it, and felt his eyes go wide.

"If that is insufficient," she said, "bear in mind that it is only an advance payment • You will receive another ten thousand credits after."

"After . . .? After what?"

"After we return, of course."

"Oh, sure, of course . . . • Now, if you'd care to tell me just where it is we'll be returning from . . .?"

"We wish to hire your spacecraft and your services as its pilot.'

A dull suspicion began to gnaw at Starr. "Look, Miss Looahn-Seven, there are at least a dozen charter services operating out of this spaceport • How come I'm the lucky one?"

"We understand that yours is the only spacecraft among them which has a passenger section that is convertible for cargo • And we understand, too, that the Altairian Interplanetary Bank is on the verge of repossessing your spacecraft.'

"That's what I like," he said glumly • "An understanding female.'

He stared down at the money before him • Ten thousand credits • And another ten thousand later? God, he could pay off his ship, and pay down on a second one, and hire another jockey, and . . .

He looked up at her • "Where was it you said we'd be going?"

"I did not say • Our journey, however, is a simple one • We wish to go into a star-orbit just beyond Altaire IX."

A queasiness formed in Starr's middle • Altaire IX was the outermost planet in the system • A mere hop, as far as

[continued on next page]

flight-time was concerned. But there was only one reason why anyone would want to go into star-orbit out there, especially when they were willing to pay what amounted to a round-trip inter-galactic fare to do so.

"Tell me," he said. "Just what kind of ship will we be meeting out there."

"You will learn that when we get there, will you not, Mr. Starr?"

He nodded slowly, then said, "Okay, let's try another. What is it we'll be smuggling back into the system?"

"You will learn that, too, when we get there."

Again he nodded. "One more try. Who's this 'we' you keep talking about?"

"I have an associate."

"Only one?"

"Yes."

"Strictly a *business* arrangement, of course."

"We are together in this venture, yes."

Her matter-of-factness, Starr reflected, was beginning to be a bit much. He had the feeling that her mother must have been prenatally frightened by a computer.

"So how come your, *uh* . . . your associate didn't come here with you?" he asked.

"He is arranging for port-clearance, of course."

On second thought, Starr told himself, maybe her mother was *impregnated* by a computer, not just frightened by one. God, just how matter-of-fact could you get?

"Lady," he said, "I think you better go find yourself another charter service." He stood up, intending to escort her to the door, if need be, but before he could move, she rounded the desk and kissed him.

Her mouth was wet-warm and petal-soft on his; her languidly squirming tongue, an exotic sweet-spice beyond his lips. The fullness of her soft-firm breasts burned through the thin fabric of his tunic and into the flesh of his slab-muscled chest. Fire leaped and surged when she pressed snugly against his loins. And, even as his blood hammered in his throat and ears, his mind reeled under a tiny shock of disbelief. A split second before, he had all but despised her for her bluntness, her machine-like coldness. Now, it was as if she had wrapped him in a thermal force-field. He was literally trembling from the sudden shift in his own emotions. He had heard about the strange, sensual powers of Vegan women, but what kind of magic, what kind of witchcraft . . .?

"Larry . . .?" she murmured as their mouths parted — and he felt a giddy intimacy at hearing his first name being spoken by that melodious, lilting voice. "You would like to make love to me, would you not?"

"Oh, yes . . ." he groaned, reaching to close her again in a mouth-crushing embrace. But she stopped him with an odd little look and her golden eyes held him hypnotically. "Wait," she whispered as she kicked off her boots, let her bag slide to the floor. Then, with one quick movement, she peeled her tiny metaplast briefs down the length of her coppery legs.

She stood for a moment, posturing, letting him drink in the sight of her nakedness — her jutting, insolent breasts, accented now in their thrust by the ingenious painted design; the cupreous sheen of her firm belly and sweet-flaring hips; the smooth red-bronze of her rounded thighs; the gleaming-silver triangle of her femaleness — then she stepped in close to him, her fingers seeking and finding and releasing him from his clothing.

The plyofoam floor was as soft as any mattress. In a sweet longing of aching desire, he rolled against her, his hands cupping and caressing, his mouth once more on hers, and sought to couch himself between her thighs.

"Larry . . .?" She put a palm against his chest.

"What?"

"You will take us to the rendezvous, will you not?"

"I'll take you to the other side of Hell, if that's where you want to go," he hissed — and somehow he knew he would.

For the first time since she had entered his office, he noted, she smiled. Then she spread her legs apart. . . .

• • •

The *Starr of Altairius* was a Class III intra-system space yacht, small and sleek and streamlined when compared to the giant, blunt-ugly intra-galactic liners, or even to the smaller but still huge inter-planetary freighters, but it was still a lot of ship — a good 300 meters in length, and capable of carrying upwards to 50 passengers in stateroom luxury or a tenth of that number plus four tons of cargo. Despite its size, however, Larry Starr had little difficulty in handling its impulse-drive and life-support gear all by himself, thanks to its fully-automated equipment.

It was not until they were well clear of Altaire IV and locked into course, that Starr, putting the ship on auto-pilot and checking a few last details at the navigational computer, really had a chance to size up Looahn-Seven's "associate." Garl — as she had introduced him just before lift-off — was a native Altairian, a hulking, huge, ape-faced humanoid who looked more beast- than man-like. Even his shuffling gait, as he and Looahn-Seven gawked about the ship's bridge now, made him seem more animal than sentient. He wore a sonic disrupter holstered at his waist, but he seemed capable of doing far more violence with just his huge hands and massive frame, than with the slim pen-like weapon. As he had several times since their first meeting, Starr shuddered inwardly at the sight of the giant Garl, then busied himself once more with the computer.

When he looked up a few minutes later, both Garl and Looahn-Seven had left the bridge. Starr fed the last few course corrections to the auto-pilot, linked it directly into the navigational computer, checked the meteor-shield controls one last time, then left the bridge himself, heading for the recreation lounge. A lift-shaft dropped him gently down to "B" Deck, and a glide-walk wafted him silently to the rec-lounge hatchway. He was about to palm the hatchway open, when a sudden, strange feeling made him pause — a feeling that he had just stepped into a *thermal force-field!* For an instant, he stood motionless in the grip of the pseudo-erotic feeling, then with effort he fought himself free of its grip, and cautiously opened the hatchway. The sight that greeted him sent him into speechless shock.

Completely naked, Looahn-Seven lounged with almost regal nonchalance in a daised chair in the middle of the room, one coppery leg hooked over a chair arm, the other thrust straight but loosely out in front of her. A lewd smile wreathed her high-cheeked, exotic face, and lilting, lascivious laughter punctuated a string of commands she spoke to Garl. The giant Altairian, also naked, moved like an anxious slave in response to her commands, now posturing obscenely, now crawling on all fours, now prancing like some orgiastic satyr, now manipulating himself for her obvious sado-erotic pleasure.

After long moments, the naked, coppery queen seemed to tire of his antics, and a weird, feverish light seemed to glow in her golden cat-like eyes. She sat up slightly, hooked her other leg over the remaining chair arm, pushed her buttocks forward and spoke one last command. Eagerly, the huge Garl came to her, groveling and whimpering on his knees. For several seconds, Starr gazed in utter fascination, fighting an insane urge which, despite his conscious disgust and repugnance, commanded him to join the erotic scene before him. With a final, almost painful effort, though, he tore himself away, let the hatchway close, and retreated hastily to the bridge.

His heart was still hammering, his loins still throbbing, as he dropped into his pilot's seat, and he could feel the sweat rolling down his face. What kind of nightmare had he gotten himself into? What kind of monster was this coppery she-beast which had embroiled him in — in what kind of mad scheme? He knew now that she had aroused him back

there in his spaceport office completely against his will. She had used the same unearthly power against him, as he had just seen her use on the giant Garl. And, she could have made him do anything she wanted him to do. And it was far beyond any power that even the most voluptuous Vegan female had. . . .

But if she was not Vegan, a new and frightening question popped in his mind, what was she? An alien from some distant star-system? From some other galaxy? Was she even humanoid? Or was her form some kind of hypnotic projection? And. . . .

. . . *And what kind of ship were they meeting out there beyond Altaire IX?*

• • •

The ship was like none Starr had even seen before. Like none he had ever even imagined. A spidery thing of power-pods and girders surrounding a central spheroid, it had appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, matching their speed and course not ten minutes after they had established a star-orbit a half-million miles beyond the scanner range of Altaire IX. Fascinated, Starr gazed at the huge, fabricated arachnid through the starboard viewport, watching as the alien vessel moved to within 50 yards of their own ship. He turned, then, glancing at the placid, immobile face of Looahn-Seven, who shared the viewport with him.

"What now?" he asked.

"They are in position," she replied. "You need only open the outer door of your air-lock and wait."

"Wait . . . ? Wait for what?"

"You will see very shortly, will you not?"

"Suppose I told you to go straight to Hell, right now, and took the ship out of orbit?"

Her golden eyes fixed him squarely, and he felt the first tingle of a pseudo-erotic shock. He tore his gaze from hers, and felt the tingle cease. Whatever the nature of her strange power, her eyes, he realized suddenly, were its projectors. He whirled and lunged toward the control panel.

And stopped dead in his tracks.

Glowering ominously, the giant Garl stood before him, the sonic disrupter in his huge, meaty fist pointed straight at Starr's middle.

"You will open the outer air-lock door, will you not, Mr. Starr?" Looahn-Seven said calmly.

Resignedly, Starr obeyed, then turned once more to the viewport.

As the outer air-lock door opened fully, a similar opening appeared in the side of the alien ship's central spheroid, and a string of figures — a seemingly endless string — drifted out from it, heading toward the *Starr of Antairius*, propelled by individual back jet-packs As the first figures reached the ship, Starr activated the air-lock tele-screen to watch them enter — and felt the blood drain from his face.

The figures were human, or at least humanoid. They varied in individual detail, in size and shape and skin and hair color; representative, it seemed, of nearly every sentient species in the known galaxy. But despite details, they were all identical in three respects — they were all female; they all had golden, cat-like eyes; and, except for their jet-packs, they were all naked. Starr had never in his life seen so many bouncing breasts. He reeled from the utter impossibility of the latter fact. Then he realized something else.

The figures had crossed through 50 yards of airless, freezing space without space-suits!

Slowly, reluctantly, he was aware that there was only one kind of — of *creature* capable of such a feat. . . .

". . . Androids!" he muttered, still not believing what he had seen.

"Most perceptive, Mr. Starr," Looahn-Seven said. "But, to be more precise, you should have said erobots, not androids."

A score of all-but-forgotten historical facts swirled up from the depths of Starr's brain. Erobots! Erotic robots! Sexual androids! Artificially created human forms; steel and subtle plastics designed to simulate bones and flesh. Designed, too, to serve as love-slaves, as literal sex-machines. Perfect, he knew — he looked at Looahn-Seven — oh, how *well* he knew — in every intimate detail.

Forty, fifty years ago, he struggled to recall, the science and technology of robotics had reached perfection. But man, as always, had perverted science and distorted technology. Not content with having robots and androids to perform just useful work, he had at last designed them to serve his baser needs. Within a decade of the manufacture of the first erobot, love between humans had been threatened with total extinction. Every man had become a sultan, commanding a harem of female perfection; every woman, a Cleopatra dominating a court of perfect masculinity. Legislation had finally saved humanity. Manufacture of robots in other than non-humanoid form had been outlawed, and existing androids and erobots had been destroyed.

No, not destroyed, Starr realized, staring fixedly at the tele-screen. Somehow, some of them had escaped. Escaped and fled the galaxy. And now, obviously multiplied in number, and enhanced with some new incredible power, they were returning. But this time — he recalled the scene he had witnessed in the ship's recloungе — it would not be man who would be the master.

Starr turned and looked at Looahn-Seven. "How?" he asked, his voice barely more than a whisper. "How is it possible . . .?"

"That we survived?" she asked melodiously. "Such is not really a problem to an android, is it, Mr. Starr? Nor, for that matter, is the question of reproduction, or improvement."

Of course it wasn't, Starr realized. He himself had often seen how huge, non-humanoid factory robots repaired themselves, redesigned themselves, and manufactured more and improved versions of their kind. Even as few as a half-dozen erobots, commandeering a ship somehow, and finding a suitable planet beyond the galaxy, could easily duplicate robotic technology from the raw materials from that planet, and with the technology build a veritable race of androids — vastly superior androids — in two human generations.

He had been seduced, he realized — literally seduced — into aiding and abetting the vanguard of an erobot invasion. An invasion of love, ironically. But love of a kind that would do what all the hate of history had failed to do — enslave all of humankind and its kindred species. Somehow, some way, he had to stop that invasion. Now.

A tiny bubble of inspiration formed deep within him, wiggled its way to the surface of his mind, and popped into a vague idea. He glanced at the air-lock tele-screen. In a minute or two, the air-lock would be full, and Looahn-Seven would order him to close the outer door and open the inner, letting the first of their cargo into the ship's hold. Now, if he could disarm Garl and immobilize Looahn-Seven before that order was spoken . . .

"Tell me," he said to her suddenly, "how do you manage to project a thermal force-field?"

"The force which we project is not thermal," she said with characteristic indifference. "It is neural. It raises body temperature and excites the metabolism, as does a thermal field, but it also acts directly upon the glands and the pleasure-centers of the brain."

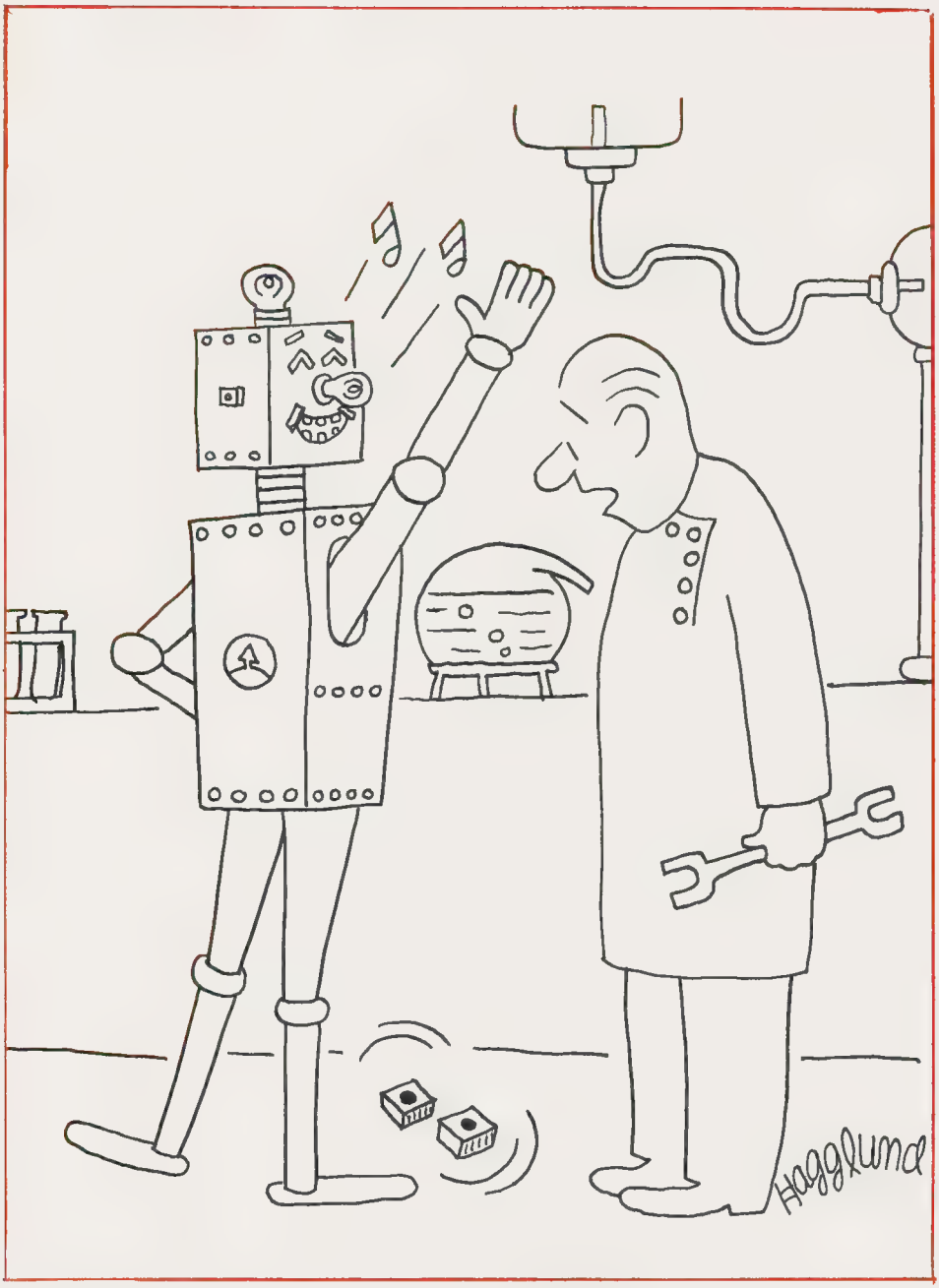
"How strong is it at full force?"

She smiled at him — ominously, it seemed. "Mr. Starr, have you ever seen a man go mad — literally mad — with sexual passion?"

"No," he replied casually. "No . . . *but I'd like to!*"

She had only a second to look her quizzical look before his hands shot up and clamped her throat. Instantly, her golden eyes blazed, but he squeezed his own eyes tightly shut, before the erotic power hit him. He knew that Garl could not use his weapon, as long as he held the pseudo-Vegan close to him, but he knew, too, that Looahn-Seven's machine-like android strength

{continued on page 60}



No wonder he s singing soprano!

A SHORT SURVEY BY DIXIE DEAN HARRIS OF A FEW OF THE MORE IMAGINATIVE WAYS PEOPLE HAVE DEVISED TO COMMIT

suicide

Twenty thousand of your fellow Americans commit suicide each year. Many accomplish it with a little imagination, a little flair, and even a little of what might, under other circumstances, be called *joie de vivre.*

Take the case of Robert Lawson, a pilot. He radioed the control tower at the Shawnee, Oklahoma, airport that he was going to ram his single engine plane into the administration building of Oklahoma Baptist University.

"You're kidding," the control tower messaged back.

"I'm not kidding," replied Lawson with some indignation. "I'm going to build a monument."

Whereupon he made a low level approach and rammed into the third floor of the building.

Another airplane suicide that is remembered on Broadway concerns the case of Emanuel Eisenberg, a brilliant publicity man who often contributed verse and quips to newspaper columnists. One day he hired a private plane, had the pilot soar over his beloved Broadway, and jumped right into Times Square.

Then there was the man who threw himself on a swiftly revolving circular saw, and then there are the examples of the fellow who exploded a stick of dynamite in his mouth and the guy who stuck a red-hot poker down his throat.

The ordinary, garden-variety suicides don't attract much attention, however. How can they when every 24 minutes an American kills himself and another seven try but fail? Most people use one of the tried and true methods, which are, in order of their popularity, firearms and explosions, poisons, pills or gas, hanging and strangulation, drowning, jumping from high places, or using cutting or piercing instruments. (Of the approximately 1,000 suicides in N. Y. in 1964, about one third were victims of barbiturates and tranquilizers. Less than ten percent in the city of skyscrapers used firearms, but twenty-five percent preferred to jump—from their lives, which is the city's second favorite method.)

As for jumping from high places, sixteen people have flung themselves off the eighty-sixth floor observation tower of the Empire State Building since the skyscraper was erected. When four leaped in a six month period, a screen was added—which has prevented any further jumps. The woman who recently jumped off the Eiffel Tower in Paris would not have made news here except for the fact that she landed on an American tourist and killed her.

Some people have evidently given a good deal of thought to the means for their departure. There is a documented case of a man who built a little guillotine and decapitated himself. Another went to considerable trouble to whip teams of horses into such a frenzy that they would tear his head off (they eventually did). A woman in Texas finally found, and swallowed, a poisonous spider.

One of the best methods of committing suicide is, of course, the Japanese hara-kiri. This was made much of in World War II war movies when the Japanese pilot camp commandant submarine commander/general was defeated, lost face, and took his life to atone for the insult his defeat had caused the Emperor. Usually he fell upon his sword in a bamboo hut, and that was that. In practice, it works somewhat differently—or at least it used to before being outlawed.

Hara-kiri was really a form of revenge (a legitimate and frequent reason for suicide, according to psychiatrists). Say the man down the street has humiliated you—beaten hell out of you in a bar, seduced your wife, stolen your business. You've lost face; life is not worth living, you've got to kill yourself. What to do?

The Japanese, who have a fine sense for such things, don't go leaping into the first river they come across. The man who has lost face takes himself down the street and slowly disembowels himself right on his neighbor's doorstep. Now the neighbor has lost face.

(continued on next page)

too. The bloody mess lying on the front stoop is eloquent, if mute, testimony.

Who does commit suicide? In America, 75% of the 20,000 self-killers are men. Nobody knows for sure how many people attempt it and fail, but the best expert guess is about 150,000. In time of war the rate falls off. About 1,500 attempts each year are made by teenagers. Suicide among young people has become a serious problem. In the ages between 15 and 19, it actually places third behind accidents and cancer, and for college students and other young people of that age, it ranks lower only than accidents.

Seventy-five per cent of the group who make a mess of it are women, the majority of whom are under 35 years of age. In a four year study of Detroit police records, it was found that out of 313 lovelorn females who tried to commit suicide, only 12 were successful.

Some men have been known to foul it up too. It is generally agreed that most people who are "accident prone" are subconsciously looking for these accidents. These contrived disasters may be considered at best as ways to injure or punish oneself, and at worst as inept attempts to do away with oneself. The drive to destruction is basic, say many psychiatrists. "No one evolves so completely as to be entirely free of self-destructive tendencies," Karl Menninger declares in *Man Against Himself*, a study of the death wish and the will to live. In this book, he describes a man who had been struck by lightning three times. He had been buried alive in a coal mine; he had been blown through the air by a cannon, suffering the loss of an arm and an eye. He had been buried alive under two tons of clay. Next he fell 30 feet off a cliff and still later was thrown by a horse and dragged through a barbed wire fence. Then he fell from a speeding bobsled, fracturing his skull. At 80 he recovered from double pneumonia. At 81 he had a paralytic stroke. At 82 he was run over by an automobile. The same year he slipped on the ice and fractured his hip.

He was still alive when Menninger wrote his book, and probably died peacefully in his bed.

Theodore Reik believes Americans suffer from destructive impulses more than any other people in the world because our standards of personal conduct are so idealistic. We need to acquire a capacity for self-forgiveness. Freud, too, wrote of the aggressive drives for destruction.

It is interesting to note that most suicides occur not in the cold, depressing days of gray winter but in the light, airy days of late spring and early summer. Mondays and Tuesdays time the scene more often than lonely weekends.

What are the specific factors that compel some people to act so drastically? Many men are pushed over the edge by failure in business or financial disaster. During the 1930's Depression, the suicide rate per 100,000 shot up to 17.4. Once recovery set in, the rate dropped back to between 10 and 11—where it is today. Few women take their lives because of business troubles, but many do because of ill health, family troubles, and unrequited love.

Some suicides show a decidedly hostile attitude towards modern business—the ultimate Chaplinesque answer in "Modern Times." The factory worker who drowned himself in a vat of soft soap ruined that batch for his employer. The fellow who dived into a white hot coke oven one afternoon halted production for a while—or at least upset his fellow workers. The sales manager who plunged into a retort of molten glass ruined an awful lot of bottles and glasses.

People who didn't have such glamorous facilities have made do with whatever was at hand. A cattle rancher cut his throat by pulling it across a barbed wire fence, while a despondent homeowner suffocated himself by dropping down his chimney, headfirst. A farmer's wife said goodbye and drowned herself in the rain barrel.

Automobiles are becoming more popular as a means of committing suicide, partly because it can be made to look like an accident (get that insurance money!) and partly because automobiles are so handy.

What with the average American family owning two cars, there is generally one available for a run to the supermarket or smack into a concrete pillar. One woman killed herself by crashing in a new automobile that seemed to be in perfect condition, until investigators found that the self-adjusting brake mechanism had been tampered with. A little planning will send you a long way.

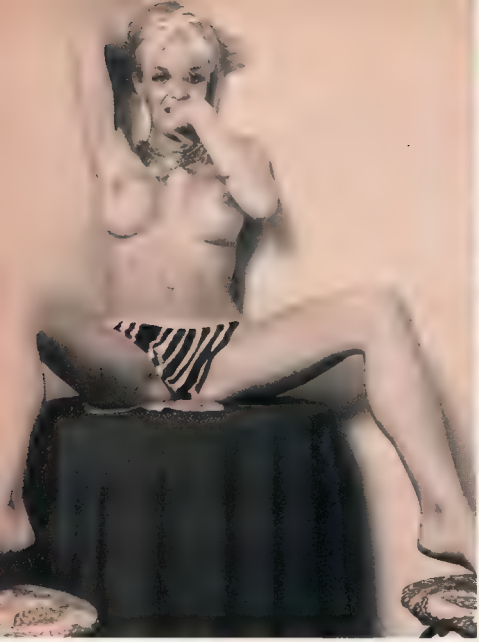
In most cases, people who are planning to take their own lives warn others of what is on their minds. One study reveals that a majority of suicides visit their doctors within a relatively short period of time before they make the fatal attempt.

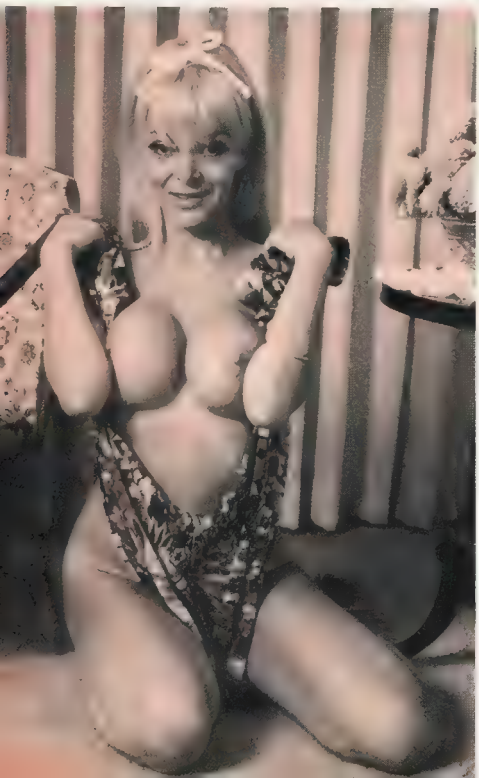
The thought and even the attempt are not unfamiliar to many people, but almost all of those who do survive a suicidal impulse, which is most, do not ever try it again. Perhaps after being so close to death, the appreciation of life is regained and intensified. Today, for those on the brink, there are organizations, such as Boston's Rescue, Inc., Suicide Prevention Volunteers in Miami, Seattle's Crisis Clinic and in New York, the National Save-A-Life League, which are equipped to deal with these emergencies twenty-four hours a day. •

"Hey, Mac, what's taking you so long, down there?"

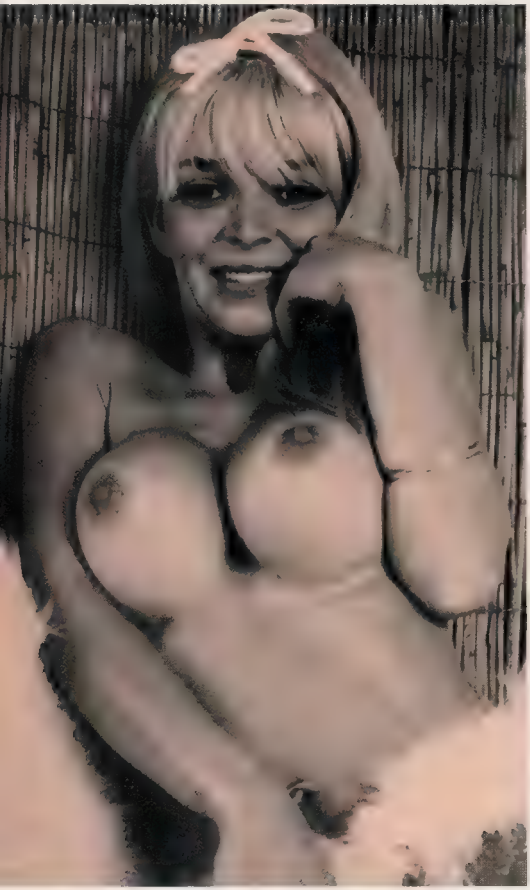
BABS TABBS

Some years ago, so Babs tells us, she was captured by this Arabian prince, see, and he took her to his tent. She stayed up all the night smoking a Turkish water pipe and telling him stories to keep him awake . . . and away from her.





She wondered what he could ever see in her, so Babs told us. Her mirror revealed that she was just like any other girl. (!!?!) But this prince thought differently, and poor Babs did everything she could do to discourage him. He was persistent. Boy, was he persistent. She laughed! She joked! She hid! And just when she thought there was little else she could do to discourage him, he fell asleep! Now, this bothered her, so she determined to make herself appealing . . .



For Babs, above all, wanted to be desired and admired, as what girl doesn't. She tried real hard. And when you ask her what happened after that, she says, "Oh he woke up eventually. He took one look at me and said, 'I guess I'm still asleep. Something like this girl—and what she has you only see in dreams.'" Nobody has been able to wake him up since.

Henry Mancini

CELEBRITY GOURMET

BY JOEY SASSO

THE genius who created the musical themes for *The Pink Panther, Breakfast at Tiffany, Mr. Lucky, Peter Gunn* and scores of other films; the winner of 17 Grammy Awards, 8 Academy Award nominations, 3 Oscars, and the owner of four gold records is none other than Henry Mancini. Such a talented innovator in harmony and composition is sure to be complemented by comparable genius in other fields. In Mr. Mancini's case, it's culinary.

The Mancini family originated in Abruzzi, the section of Italy famous for fine cooking. "I never ate in a restaurant until I left home. Now, when we go on tour, I find all the musicians ask for the best Italian restaurants in whatever town we happen to be in. I guess it's because Italian restaurateurs welcome you with open arms.

"I feel you have to have a feeling for cooking, like you do for music, if you want to excel in either. The use of individual techniques gives the music its distinct character and melody, which is my prime concern. The same is true for cooking.

"My cooking arrangements are based on the staples I learned in my mother's kitchen. Most of my Abruzzi-flavored dishes include olive oil, garlic, bayleaf, basil and onion, laced together into deceptively simple sauces. That seems to be the standard of Italian cooking.

"One of my favorite dishes from the region is bordetto. A vinegary fish stew with clams, prawns, eel, mullet and sole, dressed with a pungent sauce of white vinegar spiced with garlic, sauted in olive oil, onions, and seasoned with bayleaf, basil and parsley.

"As far as the sauces, of course, there's plain olive oil and garlic. I saute cloves of garlic lightly in olive oil, and add parsley, oregano or basil, whatever my mood. My family loves this over a tangle of cooked vermicelli, my favorite pasta. Or as a hot dip for our favorite antipasto—bits of aged ham, garbanzo beans, artichoke hearts, radishes, salami, bell pepper and provolone cheese.

"My second 'famous' sauce starts out as a soffritto (lightly fired base for soups, vegetables and meat dishes) consisting of olive oil, chopped parsley, onion and garlic, flavored with plum tomatoes, bell peppers or mushrooms. You can also sweeten this, as my mother did, with minced carrots. The whole thing is a short 10-minute production, and simply delicious."

Here are a few Henry Mancini specialties:

VERMICELLI WITH GARLIC-OLIVE SAUCE

For the Pasta:

1 teaspoon coarse salt
3 quarts water
8 ounces vermicelli
1/2 tablespoon vegetable oil (or corn or olive oil)

Add salt to rapidly boiling water to bring to a rolling boil. Add vermicelli to boiling water. Cook uncovered until barely tender (about 6 minutes). Do not overcook. Add vegetable oil to pot during last 2 minutes of cooking time to prevent vermicelli from sticking together when drained.

Drain in colander. Turn into heated serving platter.

For the Sauce:

1/2 cup top quality olive oil
2 or 3 peeled, minced clove of garlic
1/3 cup minced fresh Italian parsley
salt, freshly ground black pepper
freshly grated Parmesan (or Romano cheese)

Heat, but do not boil olive oil. Turn off heat. Add minced garlic and cook lightly about 1 minute. Add parsley and season to taste.

Stir sauce into hot vermicelli and serve at once with ample sprinklings of grated Parmesan (or Romano) cheese.

Special advice from the chef: "All pasta should be cooked *a la dente*. Remove vermicelli from its boiling water while it's still semi-solid in feel, to avoid a stewed, soft-textured pudding."

TEN-MINUTE TOMATO SAUCE

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 cups thinly sliced, chopped yellow onions
1/2 teaspoon minced carrot (or 1/2 teaspoon sugar)
2 large cloves garlic, chopped
1 cup thinly sliced fresh mushrooms
8 ripe plum Italian tomatoes, peeled and chopped (or #3 can Italian plum tomatoes flavored with basil)
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1/2 small bayleaf
1/2 teaspoon dried basil
salt, freshly ground pepper to taste
minced parsley
grated Parmesan cheese (optional)

Heat olive oil until hot. Add chopped onion and carrot. Cook over low heat until onions are lightly browned. Add garlic and cook over a low heat for about 30 seconds.

Add tomatoes (if canned tomatoes are used, drain them well before using), tomato paste, bayleaf, basil and seasonings to taste. Cook over high heat for about 8 minutes, stirring. Remove bayleaf. Spoon sauce over hot cooked pasta in serving dish with minced parsley. Toss lightly with Parmesan cheese.

"Now, now! If I let go, it's a long way down."

Silence is the sadness! First a shy look, then a call. Now, the mechanical beginning.

THE WHORES OF GERMANY

The Street With an 'X' Rating

On this infamous street, children are forbidden! But adolescent adults, with the right amount of cash can find a few moments of satisfaction.

It is difficult to tell who are the more pathetic, the semi-nude girls who pose in the windows, or the lustful males who nose-press and peer against the stained panes, eyeing before buying.

Supermarket sex has been a standard German product for years. And today, more than ever, it still emphasizes the business end of the body, makes passion almost payable in trading stamps. Yet, there are those who need such an open market place to rid themselves of drives that might otherwise lead them to more sordid and violent acts. There's no moral judgment in detailing decadence. Just that in this world, when so much is free, it is sad to see what has to be paid for. And what must be sold to the curious and the shy, the strange and the soulful.

He waits out of sight! She sighs! Slowly, mechanically, she plays her part.

The day ends! The curtains close! With daylight comes a moment of pure, lonely sleep. Soon the waiting begins again. But nothing is new, or really changes—except the price.

On the street of sellers and buyers, there are no winners—all losers!

SWING WITH ME

BY GIL BREWER

HE HAD A WIFE AND DIDN'T USE HER—SHE WANTED SOME ONE TO AMUSE HER... WHAT A SET-UP FOR THE RIGHT MAN!

She was José Martine's wife, and Martine was the boss, so she had it made, and obviously knew it. The Florida Gulf Coast string of palm frond hat shops did a rush business, and this one on Redington Beacb was no exception. She was an exception; long, lush and wild looking, with a sultry, pout-lipped face, swollen, firm breasts, and sexily slanted cerulean blue eyes. That full mouth was a disdainful, hot promise.

When she strolled leggily into the Redington shop that early afternoon, Jim Richards felt his heart rock. There was a young man in the shop, and Jim Richards saw the look on his face, saw how he stared at those round hips. He caught the young man's eye, and scowled, and the young man quit browsing and left. Jim Richards watched her, and she stared right through him, but she didn't fool him, either. Outwardly bold and disdainful, you could tell by the way she moved her body that she was in need, wet-lipped, want-eyed. She knew what she had, she knew what she could get, and her indolent contempt was characteristic. Just the same, most men were stupid and far beneath her. But Jim Richards understood her kind. He had hoed a long, deep row, and when he grinned, something came into her eyes, a warm brooding look, and the corners of those lips curled faintly.

José Martine, sleek in green shot silk, was outside inspecting the sign. Jim Richards let the woman browse.

Jim Richards had worked here for two months. It was a stopover job, just for the hell of it, an in-between laze before he worked up energy to head for California. He was a heavy equipment man, handy with every type machine. He could make a dozer act human. On his last job in Tampa, he'd taken his roll, and turned on a drunk that threatened to whiten his red hair. It made him smile to recall. He had combed every waterfront sin palace on the Coast, ended up broke in an Ybor City alley. He laughed it off, headed for the beaches, deciding to let come what would. He was considering California. When he ran into José Martine on the third day of the Big Hangover, and shakily agreed to take a part time job in the Redington shop. He could even weave the damned palm frond hats, having learned the trick on many an island jaunt.

Right now, he couldn't keep his eyes off Mrs. Martine.

She moved over to him, leaned low, so low that her breasts almost popped out of her blouse, and picked up a broad-brimmed hat.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"You're Jim Richards, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"José's told me about you."

"Hope it was good."

"Does it have to be?"

They watched each other. She touched her lips with a pink tongue. She couldn't quit moving that body, even as she leaned her buttocks against the wooden counter, flapping the frond hat against her thigh.

"You like it here?"

"It's all right."

"You're not enthusiastic?"

He grinned at her. "What's Mr. Martine doing?"

"Checking, that's all. We just stopped by for a minute, He won't be coming in."

"I see."

"Do you?"

Just then Martine called from out there on the beach, and Jim Richards saw the man walk around the building, heading for the highway, where his car was parked.

She gave him a long, studied look, and did that thing with her tongue again. She tossed the hat onto the big pile.

"Well, Mr. Richards. I've got to run. The call of the wild husband." She paused, gave him that long, steady look again, and said, "I'll bet you know the tune, Mr. Richards." Her voice was a low whisper.

"What tune?"

"Can't you guess?"

She turned, and left the shop, leaving a trace of some extremely elusive perfume.

The rest of the day went easy, and the following morning was slow. Jim thought about José Martine. Sleek and steak-fed, he was the typical overseer, with a going concern. He didn't even pay a decent wage. Jim Richards grinned when he considered how Martine thought he was suckering his new shop clerk.

Business was a rush after ten in the morning, and he hopped, selling the stupid hats. Tourists went for them big. Just before noon, he heard a soft step, whirled, and there was José Martine, plump-faced, with faintly purple lips and eyes like oiled plums, wearing a white linen suit, his curly black hair a glistening nest.

"Jim, my boy. Just stopped by to check. Running down to Sarasota, then Venice. Work, work, work." He laughed his salady laugh.

Jim nodded. He wondered if Mrs. Martine were with her husband, but saw nothing of her.

"Mrs. Martine had to attend a cat show," the self-assured man said. "Always busy with something." The plum eyes shone. "You met her, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, you met something special, Jim, boy. She's special, my wife is. Nobody like her." The man's voice sounded thick, as if he were swallowing syrup. "Don't know what I'd do without her, Jim, boy. My whim is her wish." He laughed again, glanced around the shop. "Everything in order?"

"Everything's in order," Jim Richards said.

"Well, I'll buzz off. Just checking." The gaze squeezed slightly, white-lidded. "Got to keep an eye on things, eh?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Martine."

"I trust you, Jim, boy."

The well-filled linen suit left the shop, and Jim Richards watched wryly.

After lunch, he was busy for a time. It was during the mid-afternoon letdown, when she strolled in the door. Somehow, he knew she would. The sun blazed behind her, glaring off the Gulf, haloing that thick black hair.

"Hello," she said cutly.

"Hi, again." He couldn't help staring.

She wore a sprayed-on black bikini, one of the tiniest he'd ever seen, and she carried a straw bag. Red Italian leather sandals bound her ankles.

She moved directly up to him, and he smelled that faint perfume again. A surge ran through his groin.

"Learned the tune?" she asked.

Now what the hell was this?

"José thinks I'm at a cat show," she said. "I decided to go for a swim. Then I changed my mind."

"I see."

"Do you, Mr. Richards?"

He stood there, feeling a curious, palpitating warmth.

"You like my husband?"

"It's a job. Nothing else."

"But not your kind of job. You're not a shop clerk. I can tell."

"I get around some."

[continued on page 68]

IN THE DARK?

Anyone is who misses just one issue of CAPER.

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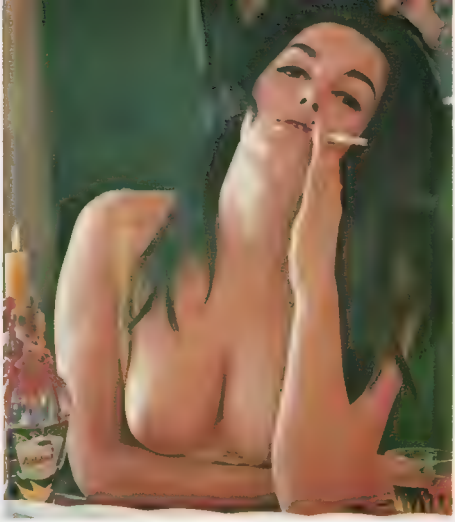
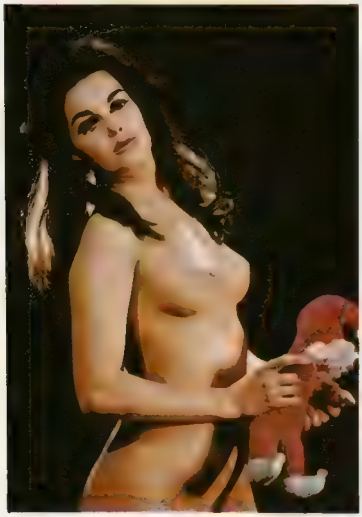


DONJA LEBA

There comes a time in the life of every red blooded man—and woman too—when the waiting game is over. That's the time the proverbial men are separated from the boys. And at that time, a gal like Donja makes out the most—because there are some guys who just never grow up. Of course, if she wanted to, delicious Donja could help them mature—in a hurry. And sometimes, just for the fun of it, she does. But although Donja likes being on her own, she keeps looking for someone who wants to share her independence. Take heed, however, for although Donja is as delectable as a truffle, she's not to be trifled with.



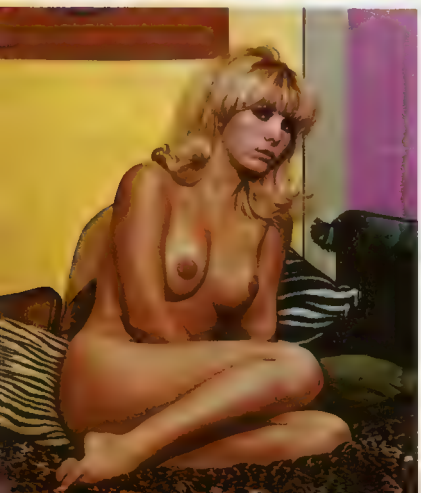
Some girls get hung up and just moon around and wistfully wonder who's going to show. But not Donja. The whistles and wonders are there, but on the other side. This is one miss whose whereabouts, while exactly no secret, is not for the woebegone or the wishful thinkers. Donja is a thinking girl for the thinking man—and just as long as she knows what you're thinking, you'll get along.

A buzz downstairs, a ring on the bell. The television goes to black and Donja is in view, a beautiful picture living in color. Transmission perfect. (The chassis is pretty good, too!) And there's no question about the signal. So, let's pause only for a moment -- for station identification — and let the sparks fall where they may.

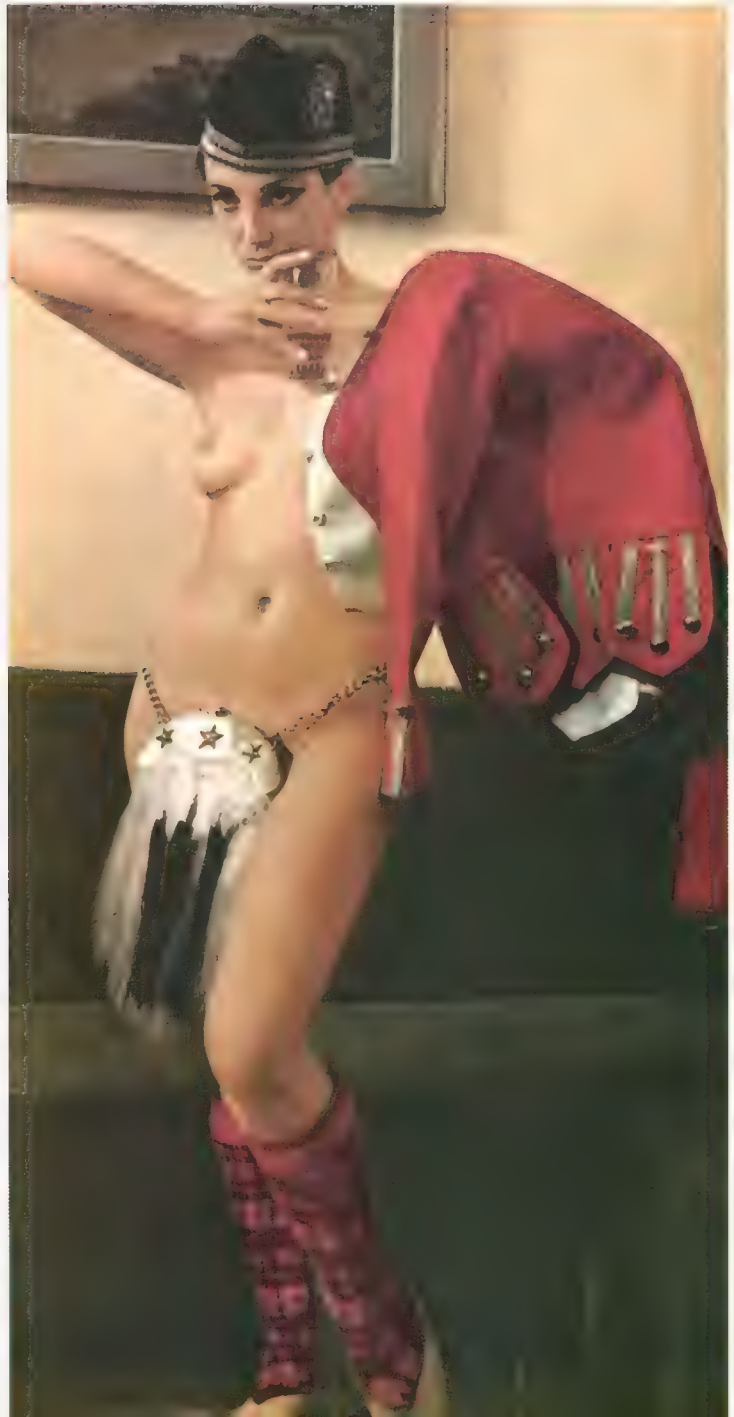
DIANNE CURTIS

KATHY LYNN

There's a mosaic of mood, manner and meaning, a picturesque presentation of the image that is the pulchritudinous Kathy Lynn, ever the total woman. One looks at her, only to come away with a different feeling each time. Sometimes a mystery, occasionally whimsical, Kathy is always a gal with whom you can relate. All this is her charm and her mystique. And Kathy has that unique ability of appearing complex and refreshingly without guile, at one and the same time. It may be, that with this Kathy a 'maybe' has more meaning—more to offer than a 'yes.'



Kathy is likely to make true believers of the doubters; to encourage the bashful and make the more bold feel as though they were kings. Look closely, you'll see in the glint of her eye, the twinkle of her smile, and the barest movement of her body, the shimmiest suggestion of someone who knows what it is all about. And when you come right down to it, it's all about Kathy.



GREAT WINES FROM CALIFOR-NIA CLIMES

by J. Nelson Tuck

To hell with wine snobs! Let's enjoy our own.

Not long ago, I took a charming young lady out to dinner at a good restaurant. It wasn't a world-famous gourmet palace, understand, nor even one of those murderously expensive joints which exist largely through courtesy of the Internal Revenue Service and the businessman's deductible expense account. It was just a good restaurant of the kind where almost any of us will go when we're splurging on a date.

After a couple of excellent dry martinis, the food began to come and we thought we'd both enjoy some wine with it. With a flourish, the waiter produced a wine list. It started off by listing wines imported from France and Italy, priced at four dollars a bottle and up. The best of the imported wines offered ran from six to eight dollars a bottle (not counting the champagnes, which were altogether in the stratosphere).

Tucked away at the far bottom of the list, like the uncouth poor relation the whole family's ashamed of, was a brief little rundown of a few California wines. The least expensive bottle listed was $3.25. The same bottle could be bought right next door at the neighborhood liquor store for less than a dollar and a quarter retail.

That's one of the big things that's wrong with American wine drinking today.

A few days ago I was picking up some hooch at my neighborhood booze emporium when a temporary bachelor came in to buy some wine for dinner. Wife and kids were off visiting Grandma, and he was going to dine in lonely splendor. He had a bag of fruit, cheese and delicatessen under his arm, and a loaf of crusty French bread in his hand.

"What's all this fuss about wine?" he asked as the man was wrapping his bottle. "Everybody's talking about wine as though it were the greatest invention since penicillin. Wine isn't something somebody just invented. What's going on, anyway?"

"Why are you drinking wine?" the merchant asked.

The customer tore off a hunk of bread and offered us both some. It wasn't any of that homogenized, pasteurized, synthesized, sanitized chemical concoction that most stores palm off on their customers. It was good bread.

"Got a case for Christmas," he said. "I liked it. I didn't know anything about wine. Still don't. But you don't have to be an expert to drink it. Good wine is good to drink, that's all."

That's one of the big things that's right with American wine drinking today.

The customer was perfectly correct, as more and more of us are finding out every day. Good wine *is* good to drink—that's *really* all there is to it. Almost anywhere you go, in either of the temperate zones of the world, you'll find everybody drinking the local wine. The only places where you won't find it, outside the United States, are those where the climate is too hot, too cold or too damp (as in England) for good wine grapes to grow; or in Moslem or Hindu countries where total abstinence is a matter of religion.

With the sole exceptions of water and milk, wine is the oldest and most universal beverage known to man. The Jews of the Old Testament and the Greeks of Homer drank wine as a matter of course. When the French banker, the Italian laborer or the Spanish merchant walks into his favorite restaurant for lunch, the waiter immediately brings, along with the napkins and tableware, a jug of *le bon vin du patron*—the good wine of the house. It's one of the cheapest parts of the meal (in fact, in many French cafes it's included free with the *table d'hote*), and it never occurs to anybody to worry about fancy labels or expensive vintages.

Those de luxe wines are for the really rich, for gourmets whose wallets are as thick as their waistlines, or for people like you and me on rare and very special occasions. After all, not many of us have *paté de foie Strasbourg* with truffles or fresh Beluga caviar every night. Why should we expect to drink the kinds of wine that go with such dishes when the main course is the wife's best recipe for hamburger?

The fact is that too many of us have been brainwashed about wine. Open almost any fancy, slick magazine and you'll see an article telling you all about the great French labels, how to avoid having your hoity-toity guests look down their noses at you by serving precisely the right year of Puligny Montrachet with the poached trout and a chart of vintages that only a computer could learn. Then you add to this a long list of "rules" about serving only this special kind of wine with that kind of food.

Walk into almost any good restaurant and you'll find a confusing list of French labels, a vulgar condescension towards excellent domestic wines and an outrageous overcharge. Walk into any large department store and you'll find an assortment of seventy-seven wine glasses, each a different size, shape and price, and an ignoramus of a clerk who never touches the stuff herself telling you you absolutely must have a full set of each variety if you want to serve various kinds of wines "correctly."

No wonder all too many Americans lay off wine altogether! The snobbery is too revolting, the complexity incomprehensible and prices

[continued on next page]

too exorbitant to pay. But they're missing one of the best things in life when they let themselves be intimidated by all this garbage.

In doing research for this article, I came across an article in a fancy magazine by Lucius Beebe, a well-known writer who specializes in such curiously diverse subjects as society, good living and antique American railroads. Beebe was writing about a tour of the most expensive restaurants of San Francisco which he made with a single companion. They had at least one and usually more bottles of wine with every meal and some of the wine was priced as high as twenty-one dollars a bottle!

Who among us, reading that, wouldn't be put off?

Yet that's all very well for Beebe. Presumably, either the magazine was picking up the tab or the restaurants were cuffing him for the publicity. Even if they weren't, though, Beebe isn't an ordinary working stiff like you and me. He works only because he wants to, being a millionaire plus in his own right, and it's a good guess that he often enjoys meals like that out of his own pocket. (He arrived in San Francisco in his own private railroad car, hauled by the Southern Pacific at the price of eighteen first-class fares. The car was parked on a siding at a cost of forty dollars a day. Beebe figured this expense was necessary. His hotel wouldn't take dogs and his poor pooch had to have *some* place to stay.)

Even such well-meaning wine experts as Frank Schoonmaker, Tom Marvel and James Beard, I suspect, often put people off wine without meaning to. These gents are genuine experts, with well-trained palates, and without phony snobbery. They are constantly writing pieces praising the best California wines, pointing out their admirable qualities and arguing quite rightly that the cream of our domestic crop is fully equal to most first-class European wines. (In fact, California was *exporting wine to France* more than a hundred years ago! It still is. Today, Maxim's of Paris, one of the great restaurants of the world, offers its patrons a California *vin rosé*.)

But they still write in pretty special terms. They compare and contrast the well-known wine names of Europe (like Burgundy, Chablis and Chianti) with various domestic wines, tell you the names of several dozen grapes and what kind of wines they produce and what areas they come from. The average Joe or Joan, reading them, is still likely to wind up with the feeling that wine is a pretty esoteric subject, something to be mastered only after long and hard study, like algebra.

Well, it is and isn't. If you want to be a James Beard, yes, you've got to work at it as hard as he has done and for just as many years. But if you just want to enjoy wine, no. All you've got to do is enjoy it.

If you're really interested in wine and want to become something of an expert, by all means read what the experts have to say, follow their guidance and taste the wines. Really first-rate American wines rarely cost more than two dollars a bottle (except for champagne) and you can soon learn to distinguish them if you taste with care and also practice.

But this still isn't the stuff for everyday enjoyment, which is what we're talking about. One reason is the cost: two bucks a meal is just too much for most of us to add to our food costs for the sake of a couple of glasses of wine at lunch and dinner.

And another reason is that special wines should be for special occasions. Even such a world-famous gourmet as André Simon, founder of the original Wine and Food Society, which now has sixty-nine chapters in sixteen countries, says in his book, *The Wine Primer*: "Buy cheap wines to drink habitually and fine wines to drink occasionally."

M. Simon's point—and mine—is that inexpensive wine does not have to be bad wine. Much of it unquestionably is. The United States, like France and every other wine country, produces small quantities of really superb wine, some quantity of bad, cheap stuff and much good, honest and inexpensive wine.

The Editors of ESCAPADE and I set out to find out for ourselves how true that is. With the help of the California Wine Institute, a blind taste test was arranged for us at the Overseas Press Club in New York. (The OPC's dining room, incidentally, is one of the few eating places I know that has a sensible wine policy. It offers a carafe, holding about a pint, or four glasses, of good red or white domestic wine for just 75 cents.)

When the company assembled, we were seven, ESCAPADE's Editor and two of his able assistants, myself and an oenophilic friend and two charming young ladies. Our host, a witty Irishman representing the California Wine Industry, assisted by two more young ladies, presided.

We were to taste eight wines, four red and four white. Two of each group would be expensive imports, the other two inexpensive Californias. We would not be told which wine was which until after we had tasted and rated them.

Four glasses of white wine were set before each of us, each marked with a number written in grease pencil. (The same numbers were also written on the bottles from which the wine had come.) Much sipping and slurping followed, accompanied by jovial remarks which began to seem very witty after a while but which, on mature reflection, need not be reported here. (You see, we weren't following the practice of real wine experts, who just slosh the stuff around the tongue and then spit it out. We were *drinking* it.)

Speaking of the glasses, they were of a variety which the host called "the standard, all-purpose wine glass." He and other non-snob experts say you need only one kind of glass for all kinds of wine. It should hold about eight ounces, but should be only half-filled. It should be stemmed and shaped like a tulip, with the upper part curving slightly in. The reason for that shape (and for filling it only half way) is to allow the odor of the wine to collect in the glass. Sniffing the bouquet of good wine is half the fun of drinking it, and smell is also an essential part of taste.

(Even champagne is better drunk from this kind of glass than from the flat, wide-mouthed ordinary champagne glass. That kind exposes too much of the surface of the wine, allowing the bubbles to escape too fast. If you don't drink the wine almost immediately from the wide-mouthed glass, it goes flat.)

Our host also gave us a few tips on tasting. Begin by holding the wine up to the light and enjoying the color, which should be clear and bright. A young red wine may be purplish in color; when it gets older a hint of brown begins to appear. There may be a hint of sediment in the bottom. This should not be drunk (that's the reason for decanting old red wines), but it is otherwise harmless, being merely a natural expression of age. But if a wine is dull, muddy-colored or thick, it isn't good.

Then you smell the bouquet. No sourness or off-smell. Just the lovely pleasure of good wine.

Then you taste, slowly, observing the different sensations as the wine moves back in your mouth and after you have swallowed.

In no time, the seven of us were merrily sniffing and swigging away, for all the world as though we were real experts. But experts or not, we were soon all noticing differences in the wines, this one was slightly tart, and one a little smoother, that one a little sweeter. And after we had all scored the whites, we drank a little water to

rinse our taste buds, and the process was repeated for the reds.

When the young ladies tabulated our scores, we were in for some surprises. In the whites, we had scored a French Chablis selling for $3.37 a bottle as Number One, followed by another French import at $1.49. Bringing up the rear, but closely, were two California whites each selling for less than a dollar a bottle. It should be noted that the rating system in both the red and white wines was on the basis of points, that is, four points for first choice, three points for second, two points for third, and one point for fourth. The top score a wine could amass would be twenty-eight, which would have meant all seven participants being in complete agreement. No red or white wine received twenty-eight points. In the white wine division, then, several rated the cheaper French wine over the more expensive, and one imbiber selected a California wine as his Number One choice.

In the reds, the Number One choice was a California claret selling for less than a dollar! Number Two was a French Margaux priced at $2.75, Number Three a French Medoc at $1.59 and Number Four another California at eighty-three cents.

As we merrily downed what was left in the bottles, preparatory to staggering out, we agreed on several things that seemed to us proven. The difference in quality between the expensive French and the inexpensive California whites was there, but even the Number Four California white wine was a good one which no one need fear to serve or drink. And the Number One red was great!

You can conduct your own taste test, even without the amiable assistance of our host, and prove to yourself and your friends the excellent quality of some inexpensive California wines. But be warned! If you start this kind of thing you're likely to find yourself hooked. Before you know it, you'll be enjoying a glass or two of some inexpensive wine with every dinner, and a fine thing it is, too, not only for your pleasure, but also for your health. (Ask your doctor!)

If you've already got some favorite California wines of your own, do it just the way we did, getting some impartial bystander to do the pouring where you yourself can't know exactly what's going on until the time comes to reveal the secret. Just make sure that you're comparing wines of the same type. It's no good, for instance, stacking up a California Zinfandel against a French Burgundy. The wines are too different in basic type to prove anything. Your wine merchant can help you select comparable types.

If you're an utter beginner on wines, conduct some taste tests just for yourself at first. Ask your friendly wine merchant (he should not only be friendly, but also helpful, reliable and trustworthy; if he isn't, get another wine merchant) to recommend to you several inexpensive domestic brands of the same type of wine. Pick up two brands of the same type. Taste them against each other critically, and make your choice. Next time, try a third brand against the preferred one of the first two. When you've found a brand you really prefer; then try the same sequence with a different type.

In a very short time, you'll find you have some decided preferences of your own. Good. Enjoy them. *Remember, the only thing that really matters is that you and your guests enjoy the wine you serve.*

All the fancy wine "rules" usually make some sense, but nobody should feel oppressed by them. It's reasonable not to serve a heavy, sweet dessert wine with roast beef, but if you like it that way, go ahead. (I promise not to tell Frank Schoonmaker.) In general, though, you're likely to find that dry red wines go best with red meats, white wine with fish or chicken, rosé with almost anything. But you'll never know what *you* like until *you* try.

Once you've arrived at a few favorites of your own, try a different kind of taste test. Some evening when you're having enough people in to justify two bottles of wine, make them different ones. With the dinner, serve a good, inexpensive California and a higher-priced French wine of the same type. Let the company take alternate swigs as they munch on the edibles. This is an entirely different feeling from the one you get with a foodless tasting and an excellent experiment.

And don't be ashamed to let your guests know that you're serving a domestic wine. The making of good wine has been a California tradition for more than 200 years. Long before the Gold Rush of '49, the good fathers of the Missions along the Coast were making wine for sacramental purposes and for their own use. The early settlers imported cuttings from the best European vines, planted vineyards and made wine, some of it excellent.

California suffered badly during Prohibition. Many fine, old vineyards were ploughed under to raise other crops and only a few winemakers survived by making sacramental wines and a little for their own use. When Repeal came the country was flooded with hastily-made wine, much of it bad. And during World War II, also, much inferior wine was sold.

It has taken time for the California wine industry to get rid of the bad odor of those days, but it has done so. Now its best wines rank with the world's best, and its good ones need bow to no honest *vin de pays* anywhere. One who testified to that was the late Henri Charpentier, one of France's and the world's great chefs. Henri invented *crepes Suzette* and many other famous dishes, and served most of the monarchs of Europe from Queen Victoria on down until he came to the United States.

At last, old and full of honors, Henri "retired" to a small farm he bought near Redondo Beach, California. But he couldn't stay idle. Soon he was serving dinner to a few friends in the living room of his farmhouse, which could seat perhaps a dozen people. Friends told friends and once again Henri was working. He served only dinner and that only by reservation, with his lists filled months in advance. He did all the cooking himself and stood over you while you ate, ready with a sharp reprimand if you ate too fast or didn't sufficiently enjoy what he had prepared. He charged fantastic prices—and he was worth every cent of it.

Henri had no liquor license, so you brought your own wine. Once a friend of mine made a reservation and asked what wine Henri would suggest that she bring. She nearly dropped the receiver when he suggested a California wine that is available everywhere and that cost less than a dollar a bottle.

"Why not?" said Henri. "It is an honest wine and it does justice to my food."

But even though California has testimonials like that, you can't cure some wine snobs. At one tasting held by the California Wine Institute (not the one for ESCAPADE) an editor was present and, after much contemplation, rated a California wine, and an inexpensive one at that, Number One. When the bottles were brought out, he discovered that he had chosen it over an expensive French Meursault.

When the representative of the California Wine Industry asked if the company would like to finish what remained in the bottles, the editor was ecstatic.

"Sure," he cried, ignoring the wine his own taste had just told was best. "Gimme some of that French Meursault." •

As desirable as it was with her, today would be the end

LAST NIGHT

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN

NERVOUSLY, he glanced at his watch. 8:45. He shuffled the papers around on his desk, and finally lit a cigarette. He didn't know why he always came in early, there was little he could do before nine o'clock, and the sitting around was always somewhat of an ordeal. He sighed and glanced around at the other men readying themselves for the day's activities. He envied them for a moment, their casual banter, the easy kidding. Usually, he felt the same, but today he could already feel his stomach jumping. He had lain awake half the night thinking about it, his mind going around in circles. Finally, he had arrived at the only solution possible. The one he had known he would have to come to before he ever laid down. But he had tussled with it, tense and upset, long after his wife had sleepily kissed him good night and slipped easily into slumber. He had made up his mind, today he would have to tell her it was quits. Plain and simple. She'd understand, he knew she would. He had rehearsed it over and over in his head last night. He knew just what he would say.

Look, it's come to the point where we have to quit entirely, or we have to run the risk of really making a mess of our lives. It's gotten out of control. Neither of us thought it would, but we have to face the fact that it has. We can't maintain a status quo, we either quit, or we go on further, and we both know it would be better to quit, while we can. While there is still a choice. That is what he'd say.

Promptly at nine o'clock, the phone rang. He picked up the receiver. Some early bird customer he thought, wryly. "Hello, can I help you?"

"Hi." Her voice was throaty, low, still sleepy sounding.

"Hi." He was surprised at her calling this early.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'm not going to bother you, talking to you this early, I just wanted to hear your voice, and say good morning."

He couldn't help smiling. "Good morning."

She giggled slightly. "This is kind of indecent, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Talking to you now. I've still got my pyjamas on." She was quiet for a moment. "I look awful, my hair is all mussed up, and I haven't even got any lipstick on."

"Terrible," he said, imagining her in the pyjamas, her auburn hair tousled around her face.

"John?" There was a question in her voice.

"Yes?"

She was quieter now, the bantering tone gone. "I really called to apologize."

"Apologize? For what?"

"Last night. The way I

KILLPATRICK

acted. You must think . . . you must think I'm pretty awful."

"Don't be silly. I don't think you're awful."

A hint of laughter came back into her voice. "What do you think then? Don't tell me you don't think anything?"

"Well . . ." he was unable to think of anything to say, remembering her last night, urgent and demanding.

"Okay," she laughed now, low and easily. "I'll let you off the hook for now. I'll call you later, okay?"

"All right."

"This afternoon, then. Bye, honey." He heard her make a soft kissing sound into the phone before she hung up.

When he replaced the phone, his palms were sweaty, and he quickly began to make his morning business calls, trying to drive the sound of her voice from his ears. However, it was a futile effort. He talked to his customers automatically, hardly hearing their voices. As it had ever since last night, his mind went over their relationship, try- to decide where he had gone wrong, how he had gotten himself into this predicament.

It had started easily enough; he had first called her to tell her that her husband's application for a loan had been denied. After listening and arguing with hundreds of irascible people day in and day out, her pleasant telephone voice and easy manner had entranced him. Instead of just turning her down, he had found himself going into considerable detail, explaining just why he had not approved the application. That would have been the end of it, if she hadn't called him back the next day to ask if it would be possible to get the loan with a co-signer. She had seemed so sincere in wanting the money, explaining how she and her husband wanted to make a few improvements on their old house, that he found himself agreeing to another try at the loan, another application.

Then, a few days later, when the application had come across his desk, he went out of his way to find reasons for making the loan, finally approving it that afternoon. It was with real pleasure that he called her and told her. Her enthusiasm and thankfulness had honestly touched him, and he had talked to her for over an hour, the conversation eventually drifting away from loans and banks into a general discussion of her family. He found her fun to talk to, just that, nothing more. Her youthful enthusiasm and quick sense of humor were invigorating, and he was pleased when she called him back the next day, admitting she had no business to transact, but just wanted to talk to him.

It had quickly become part of his daily routine. She called him every afternoon, and they talked for half an hour, or an hour. Frequently, after he had hung up, he couldn't remember what it had been that they had been talking about, but it was pleasant. A break in the otherwise dull day.

The first change in their relationship had come about quite by accident. She had called him to tell him that she had gotten a part time job to help out with the money situation at home. She was to work evenings in the downtown section, doing telephone solicitations for a direct sales concern. Impulsively, he had suggested meeting her for coffee in the hour that elapsed between the end of his work and the start of hers.

Privately, he had formed his own opinion of what her appearance would be. Dowdy, a little on the fat side. He had a theory that pretty girls rarely bothered to cultivate a personality. He had found her so pleasant that he assumed she was compensating for physical plainness. However, he found her to be even more appealing in person than she had been as just a disembodied voice on the phone. Auburn haired, with sparkling green eyes, she had an air of youth and vitality that was truely attractive.

At first, she had been rather shy, obviously not as at ease now as she had been with the anonymous, impersonal protection of the phone, and he had been forced to draw her out before she became the same laughing, joyful person she had been.

Although neither of them mentioned it specifically, they met again the next night, and the one after that, and, before he knew it, it had become understood that she would be waiting for him in the little coffee shop. He found himself looking forward to it. Eager to see her, pleased at the way her face lit up when he entered.

Still, it was only a friendly relationship. They studiously avoided any mention of her husband or his wife, and their conversation was limited to a light, usually bantering, talk.

He had become moderately concerned when he realized he was thinking of her more and more. He would catch himself looking forward to seeing her in the evening when he should be watching TV. Once, in an off-hand manner, she had mentioned that she had missed him over the weekend, but still they were both careful to maintain an outward air of casualness.

Until last night.

She had mentioned that she would like to see one of the movies in the downtown area. In a forbidden holiday mood, they had both made phone calls; he to his wife to tell her he would be working late, and she to her boss to plead illness.

Even the long line in front of the show, indicating at least an hour-long wait, had not dispelled their gay mood. When he suggested they forget about the movie and go to a bar for a few hours, she had quickly agreed.

On the short walk back to the parking lot behind the theatre, he couldn't help being proud to be with her, to walk down the street with her. He was suddenly glad that he was thirty-five, and she was twenty-one. He realized that fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have appreciated her as he did now. He wouldn't have been able to see the delicious mixture of bubbling youth only lightly veneered with sober maturity at times.

Once in the car, he started it, and turned to her. "Where to?" he asked.

She shook her head, "I don't care."

The parking lot was dark, jammed with cars, and there was the curious illusion that here, in the middle of the city, they were quite alone, as if in the middle of a desert. "You want to run away to Mexico?" he asked, lightly.

[continued on next page]

She looked mischievously at him, her eyes bright in the gloom of the car. "Why?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why do people usually run away to Mexico?"

She matched his casual tone, "Why run away? We can do that right here." Impishly, she leaned over and kissed him lightly, sweetly on the lips.

Startled, almost shocked by the taste of her mouth on his, he had pulled her roughly to him and kissed her. He felt her arm pull away from him, and at first he thought she was trying to free herself from his embrace, but she only turned the ignition off, the sudden silence accenting the seclusion. Hungrily then, she had returned his sudden ardor.

Now, in retrospect, it was an unbelievable two hours they had spent in that parking lot. They had hardly spoken to each other, except with their hands and an occasional soft whisper. All in all, it had been one of the most startling experiences in his life, and, by the time he drove her home and let her out with hurried agreements to call the next morning, he had come to the same conclusion he now fought with. They had to quit while they still could.

He cringed inwardly as he thought of the many times he had spoken contemptuously of other men involved in affairs. He had looked on them rather as rutting animals, incapable of a satisfying relationship with any woman. And, here he was, teetering on the brink of the same sort of thing. The very fact that he had spent several minutes scrubbing the lipstick off, and destroying the shreds of evidence in the car before he had been able to go in to his wife had been a terrifying thing. He couldn't stand the idea of having to build a world of deceit between him and his wife. Of forcing her to do the same with her husband.

No. As sweet and desirable as he had to admit it would be with her, today would be the end. Or rather, last night was. Once again, he went over the explanation to her. Chances are, he thought, she'd be thinking the same thing.

Even thinking of her, the phone's ring was a startling thing. He picked it up. "Hello, can I help you?"

"Think you're man enough?" she said.

"I'm positive," he answered automatically, the exchange was almost a ritual.

"Working hard?" she asked, "or do you have time to talk?"

"No, I've got time." Tell her now, he thought, quickly, while your determination is strong.

"Honey?"

The unexpected word of affection pushed him off balance. "Yes?"

She didn't answer for a minute. "Did you mean what you said about last night? About you not thinking anything . . . bad about me?"

"Of course," he said, and then felt a desire to say more. "I was very glad you . . ." he hesitated, "responded the way you did."

"Oh." Her voice was soft.

Now, tell her now. "Look, honey." Dammit, why had he said that? "We've got to talk about this." Suddenly, he was at a loss for words.

"All right." Her voice was submissive, excruciatingly feminine. "I'll call in and tell them I won't be in to work."

No, not that, he thought, I want to talk to you now. "Okay."

There was a hint of laughter in her voice. "You don't want to talk in a parking lot again, do you?"

"No, we'll go some other place."

The softness was back. "All right," a slight hesitation, and then an almost imperceptible accenting of his words, "we'll go some other place."

Tell her now, tell her now he fairly shrieked at himself, but he was mute as she said goodbye, and suddenly he was holding a dead receiver in his hands.

Angrily, he slammed it down. He had to call her back. Now. Not an hour from now. Call her and tell her what he should have said in the first place. There was no choice, he either did it now, or he wouldn't be able to do it. He'd never be able to reject her tonight. Not with her close to him. And certainly never after tonight. Not if he allowed himself to be with her now. It was either make last night the last night, or tonight the first night.

He forced himself to pick up the phone and woodenly dial the number, his hands shaking slightly. He listened to the ring, absorbed in what he would have to say.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hi."

"Hi." He could hear the surprised pleasure in her voice, and it made the task worse.

"Look, honey." He was astounded at the normality of his tone, at how natural it sounded, "I'm going to be working late again." He laughed easily. "Getting to be an executive, I guess. Time is never my own."

She was disappointed. "How late will you be?"

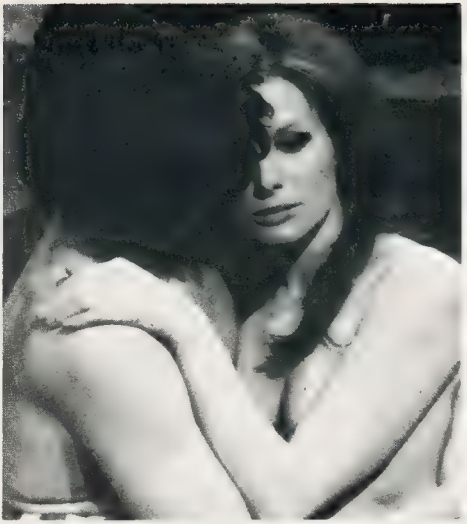
Suddenly, he felt awfully tired. He leaned his forehead on his hand, "Pretty late, I think." He was quiet for a minute. "Don't wait up for me." •

"Uh—Oh!"

A Portrait of the Actress
Performing Her Art In a Sex Film

ERIKA BLANC

Starring in the movie, 'Emanuelle,' Erika Blanc—a misnomer if ever there was one—is described by critics as 'sizzling,' and is also being acclaimed for her performance in some of the 'hottest love scenes yet filmed.' All this poses an interesting question. Do actresses really go into these "sex" films in pursuit of their art—or just in pursuit of some fun? Erika is rich, and successful, both as a model and as an actress, so it can't be just for the quick buck. Then perhaps it is to prove that if the act of love *can* be made more meaningful before a camera, hundreds of thousands of men will share her at the same moment. Now if that isn't vanity, it's art!



This is the moment we've talked about—that intimate relaxation, to be shared with every movie goer. How do the actors and actresses feel? Does their experience carry over to the audience? Well, you are the audience—how do you feel? Personally we'd rather be doing than watching.

Of course, no one ever said that acting can't be fun. But this scene was serious. There was more to it than just posing and posturing. There was holding the right position until the camera angles were fixed. This took hours, but neither actor Sandro Pizzochera nor Erika would permit stand-ins. They insisted, in the true tradition of the theatre, that they do everything themselves. That's suffering for art!

This willingness to do all the 'dangerous' work herself is to be admired. It does make one think here is a true artist, so immersed in her work, she finds pleasure only in the fact she has given a fine performance. Nothing else matters. Just because the scene has her intimately together wdh Sandro, is entirely incidental. They would find no satisfaction shooting such scenes unless they themselves felt it was convincing. So professional are these actors that they never once objected to making one retake after another. Nothing less than perfection they insisted. That, friends, is the hallmark of the true artist. That's art! OH, YEAH?

TO HELL WITH JACQUELINE SUSANN

BY FRED SHANNON

Underneath the surface of her success is an American public waiting to be shafted—again?

Some years back, before television quiz shows were scandalized, Jacqueline Susann was a well known panelist face. It was probably just coincidence that her husband, Irving Mansfield, was a quiz program producer. The then unknown novelist (and who knew she could write) was always introduced as "actress Jacqueline Susann." Maybe then, nobody knew she could act.

Yet, we should all be thankful to Jacqueline Susann. Without her, many of us wouldn't know good writing from bad; that there is no good without bad, no wrong without right. And there could be no Susan Sontag or Gloria Steinem without Jacqueline Susann.

Don't get the wrong idea. All this is not intended as a knock at Jackie, that is Miss Susann. By golly, she's as American as apple pie, orchids and orgies. The title 'to hell with etc.' isn't meant to imply that she should be done away with, rather that it might be a nice place for her to visit after all the nymphos, satyriasists, dykes and faggots she's had to stay with (literally, that is).

Now that the niceties have been stated, we still say: to hell with you Jacqueline Susann—particularly for writing Valley of the Dolls, The Love Machine and thus making all the wall-eyed girls and bug-eyed guys who read it crazy with passion. Because of you, Miss S., they each dream of sexual success—and it grows with each passing page. The girl just knows every guy is out to make her. Does she want to be made? You bet your capital "a" she does. He feels the "Susann power" that will enable him to toss a drink and a chick onto a bed in a matter of seconds. It doesn't matter that he's been sidestepped by every broad and she's been ignored by every buck. Then, va-va-voom, they meet at a cocktail party. They see each other. The lights sparkle. He tosses off a cigarette. The paper sticks to his lips as he offers her one. She pats him on the hand and sends goose bumps up his arm. Then, they discover they have Jacqueline Susann in common. That does it! He knows what she expects. She is passionella to the very end. She doesn't wait for him to lead. She pushes, he stumbles. The next thing you know he's wondering how he came to be in her room. She leans over him, unzips the back of her dress. Both are anxious. Oh my, yes. He's so anxious, he doesn't see the girdle restraining fat. She doesn't see him groping to find her without his glasses. They meet on the couch, his hands pawing her body, only he's clutching foam and she's gasping for air. They assume a position of anxious anticipation. He grunts and she groans. They heave in each other's arms. Then her roommate comes home. He leaves and smiles and staggers down the steps. All he's got to show for the evening is an ache in the groin. He'd had a ball but he feels blue. Miss Susann never told him about regrets. And besides, his pants are wet.

Jacqueline Susann also proves something for a world full of slobs who spend money on writing course programs and filling out coupons that tell you how to sell phrases and elliptical clauses for big dough. Susann has taken all these courses and lumped them into one great big unnecessary venture. Hell, if you want to write a book, don't worry about whether you can parse a sentence or even if you know what parse means. If you want to write a rustic comedy, the word 'parse' can come in mighty handy. Like 'parse the salt' or 'parse the pepper,' or even better, you can make a silly parse out of yourself.

If we say to hell with you Jacqueline Susann, it's because you're making life too easy for most of us. We don't even have to date or dream or shack up for real any more. All we do is read Jackie, er, Miss Susann and find the best of all possible worlds. This is a world where oversized males are *de rigeur*, and everything goes. The youth of Amerikah should be thankful to J S for making the American super dream of 'sucsex,' a reality.

The sex pots and the sex plots are allowed, in this genre, to go on and on, until the writer either falls back exhausted, runs out of paper, the ribbon breaks, the electric typewriter blows a fuse or the whole scene turns into a description of the ugly vulva.

But you have to start to wondering. Truman Capote spent nearly five years doing background research in Kansas for 'In Cold Blood,' Harrison Salisbury spent much time in the Soviet Union doing research for his book on Russia. It would be only natural to expect that Jackie, that is Miss Susann, went and did, wherever one goes or does to find out about 'gay parties, sordid deals and the lavish living' that goes on in *The Love Machine*.

J. Susann's books, and you have to call them that, especially the last two, are compelling, readable and magnetically impelling. So what else is new? The fault isn't with the Susann who got a typewriter moving in some eclectic manner, picking up the letters of the alphabet and arranging them in sequences of phonetic intelligibility until it ends up as $6.95 to us. No, the fault, dear citizens, lies, or lays, depending on the misuse of the tense, with everyone willing to plunk down the bread for the list or discounted price.

Miss Susann doesn't corrupt with her talents. "Talents," now that's a word, something like a "brand-new scientific discovery being promoted on television that turns out to be a hemmorrhoid suppository. But such talents are grossing her more dollars than some major cities have as welfare budgets. And why not? She's earned it.

Miss J. has even loused things up for the swinging chicks. Let's take one, for example, who wouldn't be caught dead with a Susann book—in public. Privately she treats it as a combination Ananga Ranga and Kama Sutra. And so

she can't wait to get this ballin' jack up to her pad. He knows what he's there for, obviously. But he's not prepared—obviously—to have her lay the book on the table and use the pages as a handy reference guide while they're having a sexual go at it.

The scene could go something like this.

He: Baby it's late and what the hell are you doing standing.

She: Tell me I could be a star—your star.

He: You've been inhaling too much grass, baby.

She: Tell me you want me like nothing else, like no one else. Push me down. Make my face, my mouth, want every part of you.

He: It's all there doll, help yourself. I'm a living cafeteria.

She: Sneak up on me. Lick me, love me!

He: Yeh, now that's it.

She: First you chase me.

He: Chase you, hell. What are you some kind of nut?

She: Don't you want me?

He: Listen bird, there's a dozen more waiting. You ain't gonna ball, I've had it.

HE EXITS . . . she can't believe it . . . she takes a good look.

So she burns her copy of 'The Love Machine' and cries herself to sleep, the last words on her lips a curse to Jacqueline Susann. That's not the way it happens in J.S.'s book.

So what does happen?

Well, instead of art imitating life, the Susann 'literary' technique is to make art appear as if it might really occur in life. When this is read by the impressionable the funny and tragic scene just recorded will occur.

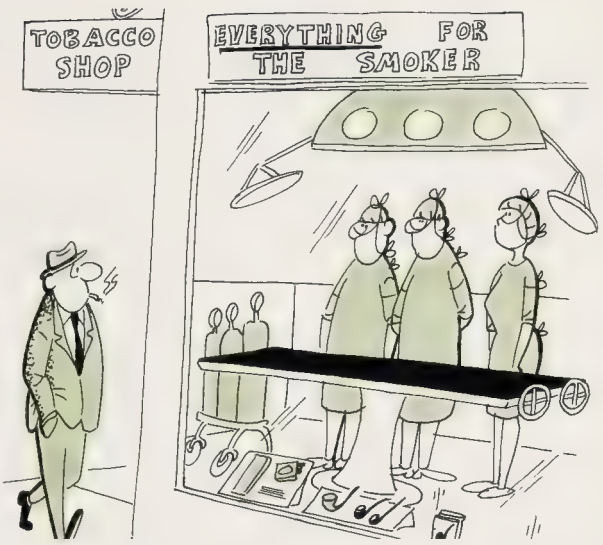
But it just isn't true baby! Some guys can never be a love machine and some girls can never be oiled enough.

The Susann syndrome has been to take the sexually impotent and give them fantasies of potency beyond their wildest dreams. In the final analysis, however, it makes for wet beds, wet dreams, and little else. And a lot of girls who ordinarily would be doing "it," are now writing about doing "it."

So to hell with you Miss Susann for making every illiterate female a potential writer, for instilling hope into the hearts and minds of the most inarticulate of them.

We say to hell with you J.S. because in the bibliography of successful women writers, Jacqueline Susann will go down alongside George Eliot and George Sand. In the bibliography of liberators of womanhood, Jacqueline Susann will be marked alongside such female benefactors as Susan B. Anthony and Andy Warhohl.

We say "To hell with you Jackie Susann," for in two massive written efforts,



you've condemned the sexual freedom of the hippies and yippies to the backrooms of puritanism. Never again can a youth in revolt be dirty and unkempt and say that his dirt is equated with sexual freedom. Jackie Susann, you've done it all. You've made fellatio and cunnilingual inclinations to be more desirable than the boring uniqueness of face to face, chest to breast, groin to groin contact.

If you think that making readers out of people who have never even bothered to read the warning notes on a pack of cigarettes is beneficial, that's wrong. What Miss Susann has done is get people who bought books only because the cover colors matched the decor of their rooms, to open them. Bug-eyed girls are really reading. The fact that the plot structures have been part of the 'true romance' field since the time Jacqueline S. was around in rompers is unimportant. But they never had her promotional know-how or the professional assistance she's been fortunate to hang on to.

So to hell with you Jacqueline Susann, for upsetting the whole pushcart of intellect. You've made typewriting an art, and have probably done more to support the story that, if you sat a monkey at a typewriter and let him loose, after enough random typing, he'd come up with a masterpiece.

Now all this is not to say that you haven't done any good, Jacqueline Susann. God, if there were no such person, you would have to be invented. You've made every one of us who can't get anywhere near the amount of money you're getting a literary expert.

What Grace Metalious started in Peyton Place you've carried on in her noblest tradition. Someday there will be established the first Metalious Award or the Helen Gurley Brown book award for the woman who has done more to make unmarried girls forget there are more of them than men.

So to hell with you Jackie Susann for destroying the ground rules for male-female attack. Here you've gone and made masturbation popular. No more willy-nilly virgin urgin' and having to count the days on the calendar, and slowly diminish the time in between one-to-one excursions into pleasure. You've done it all with nearly seven bucks' worth of words.

To hell with you Jackie Susann, from Syntex and the laboratories that are turning out oral contraceptives. You've made them as necessary as agar agar to a Mexican. Jackie, your runaway best sellers have made the great and popular works obsolescent. You've destroyed a thousand years of language, two thousand years of superlatives in just twenty-four months. To hell with you Jackie Susann for making the words we use archaic reminders of those times when people wanted to communicate ideas.

Jackie Susann, if one may be familiar, out of respect for what you have done for us all, you have turned thick eyeglassed, overfed and under-sexed females into readers of something else besides perfume and dildo ads.

A girl, even the kind who doesn't like boys, who has read a book like the 'Love Machine,' realizes for the first

[continued on page 60]

Mara Macbeth

Her highland blood lines smack of heather and the cool comfort and awesomeness of the moors. Independent Mara. Sardonic when she needs be. Sweet and supplicating when she has to be. She has a heritage of trust without submission, consent when she isn't conned. Anyone ready to go with Mara on a highland fling?

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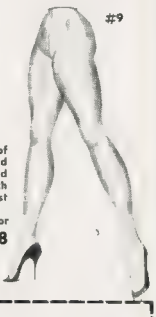

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THE SEX MACHINES

[continued from page 25]

would break his stranglehold in seconds.

Blindly, awkwardly, he pirouetted, holding Looahn-Seven close with aching arms and fingers, sliding himself around behind her. Then and only then, did he open his eyes—and saw what he had desperately hoped to see.

Howling with passion-frenzied rage, Garl contorted and twisted in an incredible, psychotic dance, his huge hands tearing at his clothing, ripping at his own flesh. The full force of Looahn-Seven's blazing eyes had taken the giant Altarian squarely.

And the disrupter lay discarded on the deck.

Tensing, Starr threw his full weight against Looahn-Seven, hurling her forward in a sprawling heap, and, as part of the same motion, launched himself into a diving roll toward the disrupter. He hit shoulder-first, scooped the weapon from the deck, and came up with it's firing-stud depressed. The invisible beam caught both Garl and Looahn-Seven in its fanning, widening pulse. The giant Altairian froze, arching stiffly. Then a violent shudder wracked him, and the shreds of his clothing, and the hair of his face and body burst into flame. He collapsed in a slag-heap of still cooking flesh and bones.

Looahn-Seven had been halfway to her feet when the beam had hit her, but her steel bones and plastic flesh, impervious to the sonic heat, were intact. Her inner circuits obviously fused, she squatted now, one knee to the deck, a burnished statue of a runner, ready for the starting gun.

Starr leaped to his feet and vaulted into the pilot's chair. With swift, fluid motions, he hit the outer air-lock door control, fired the impulse drive, and kicked on the rear-view tele-screen, and saw the android ship still in orbit, its line of drifting figures waving in the black of space like a severed rope. Even if they pursued him—and he warmly hoped they would—he had the precious headstart that he needed. Whether they pursued or not, Altairian Patrol Cruisers would soon take care of them.

He slumped back in his seat and exhaled slowly. Then, oddly, a line from Cervantes came to him, and he began to giggle nervously.

"Love," the ancient writer had said, "is a power too strong to be overcome by anything but flight."

What the hell had Cervantes known about erobots, he wondered. And his nervous giggle exploded into giddy laughter. •

[continued from page 57]

time, that there might be another kind of life. Let's take the case of two shacked up chicks.

Like one evening these two dykes were walking north on Lexington Avenue, arm in arm. The butch had a crew cut and a hawk nose. Her doll was swinging her breasts and her hips and wasting all of what she was swinging. The butch carries a copy of 'Myra Breckenridge' under her arm and the other girl 'The Love Machine,' hidden under a copy of 'The Well of Loneliness.' The butch heads them home and right into bed where she fondles and pets her bird in the best 'Sister George' manner. The young one leans back, closes her eyes and wonders if, maybe, after all, there's something to the difference between male and female. While the old butch is licking her wounds, young one closes her eyes and imagines that some 'Robin' is bobbin up inside her. It's enough to make her flesh crawl. She gasps and groans. The butch is elated. She really thinks she's got her old form back. But when she crawls over the girl and finds a copy of 'The Love Machine' hidden under the pillow, they have the damnedest fight. The old crow throws the young one out, puts her on the street with no visible means of support. Just because, for the first time in her life the young girl read a book. Well meaning Jacqueline Susann had told her there was another, if not better, way of life.

So she walks the streets to this day, blacklisted by the bull dykes and ignored by the guys whom she had turned away in an earlier stupid era. She roams about from city to city looking for a guy —any guy—willing to give her another chance. At the fade out, the auto horns and shrieks of cars seem to be saying 't-o h-e-l-l w-i-t-h y-o-u J-a-c-q-u-e-l-i-n-e S-u-s-a-n-n.'

Strange thing, though—every time someone raps Jacqueline Susann the writer—or raps the reviewers who take the time to treat her books seriously, she gains. Just as much as she is gaining from this article, not so much about her, as about the people who go out and spend the dough to buy her books or see the movies upon which her efforts (?) are based.

It's easier to blame a Gore Vidal or a Wm. Buckley (if blame is the right word) or anyone of the pundits of real and imaginary intelligence who go about suggesting what course the country should take. But how do you blame Miss Susann for bringing back good, white filth. 'White filth' is about the best term to use. White filth is to black filth what black magic is to white magic. One is evil and has no good purpose, the other is magic for man kind's benefit.

The only outcries against Jackie Susann are, for the most part, directed against what passes for her writing ability. At best, that's a subjective judgment. It stands to reason, if she's communicating with words (no matter who wrote them) then some sort of purpose is served.

Sexual impotence and sexual divertissements have made writers successful long before J. Susann, although it is doubtful that even Harold Robbins rose to such financial peaks in so short a time. And he had the dubious advantage of having a literary talent.

Still there may be some who have never heard a four letter word used in anger or know what girls do in the john, or how they have affairs with men, and where men go to have affairs with women, or with men. There may be some who never read Mary McCarthy (who can write) and are convinced that Jackie Susann is the most exciting woman since the Katzenjammer kids' mother pushed the captain out of the house.

Somewhere there is someone who never heard of Tilly and Mac or spent his youth holding those transluscent pieces of paper up to the burlesque house lights.

For all of those, and your name is legion. bless Jacqueline Susann.

If we say to hell with Jacqueline Susann, it is said out of a kind of resignation and discovery—much like the kid in *The New Yorker* cartoon of some years ago, who was eating, and stops after the first mouthful to look up at his mother, and say with the same kind of wonderment every young man must make, hopefully sooner than later, "I say it's spinach. And I say to hell with it."

Now Miss Susann has paginated another kind of immortality, to be recognized by the simple of mind, the pure of heart and the most licentiously snoopy since that judge went to attend an off-Broadway performance of *Che* to be sure the suggestions of copulation and sodomy were as claimed by the police.

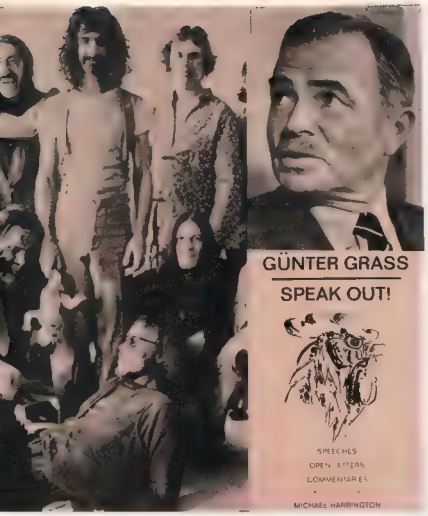
Perhaps the only book worse than Susann's latest ever to be published in modern times was Keefe Braselle's. But somehow Brasselle never came across as Susann's candid pictures of sex, seduction and low-society.

In spite of the best intentioned comments of even her kindest critics, the country needs more Jacqueline Susanns. We are better off, going back to the wildly innocent days of the twenties and F. Scott Fitzgerald when to call a man a 'nigger' or to be anti-Semitic was socially acceptable, and drunken orgies by White Protestants could be reveled in by F. Scott and Hemingway. Or maybe into the thirties when it became less popular to use racial epithets, at least in the North, or the early days of the forties when soldiering was heroic, and we were about to save the world for democracy—for the 2nd time in twenty-five years.

But in this late era of the sixties—of moon probes and pubic hair being shown in popular films, Jacqueline Susann is really dated. She has all the sexual appeal of the Brontes and Jane Austen and Emily Dickenson. Jacqueline has the same appeal of those virginal, suppressed readers of the true stories and confession magazines. While Vanessa Redgrave makes a case for herself for having a child out of wedlock and John Lennon beds with his Yoko from Amsterdam to Canada, Jacqueline Susann's sex begins to appear dull and strangely sterile.

J. S. is symptomatic of the American adoration of heroines. Some months ago she was on the Long John Nebel radio show, broadcasting out of NBC, New York. A telephone caller wanted to speak to 'Jackie.' "That's Miss Susann to you," Nebel berated the caller. So much for success. From "actress" to "Miss Susann" is a damn good accomplishment for a woman of letters.

Liza Minelli innocently asked Truman Capote why Jacqueline Susann's book was considered 'best of its type.' The author of *In Cold Blood* allowed that was the same as comparing it to Ivory Soap. And comic Dick Cavett quickly added that, at least one of them could keep you clean. •



BOOKS

What the world needs to set everything in balance is a good German. There's been one around, ever since Gunter Grass translated German martial music in terms of love, death and war, and explained, but not justified, 'we only did as we were told.' The particular relevance of this new small book to what's happening in the universities and campuses all over the country is borne out in Grass' comment, "The citizen's first duty is unrest. Here in this country (Germany) only disobedience can save democracy."

It is probably no accident that the heritage that is Grass' cannot let him do anything but sound as a German seemingly must, in:

Speak Out!
by Gunter Grass,
Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95

Grass puts all his efforts into supporting democracy, rejecting at one and the same time the anti and pro Communists. He suggests that man's ability to reason will be his salvation, but no matter how much Grass protests that "appeals to reason are but flickerings on a TV set," his liberal mind is conditioned by the German mind. No matter how admirable his statements may seem, they are absolutes in the manner of the absolutism he deplores. He opposes revolutionaries who will not make any accommodation. Here the analogy with students is apparent. Grass claims that those rebels who identify with the late Che Gueverra do so only for aesthetic reasons. Grass, on the home front, wants a unified and unarmed Germany. If this makes Grass a liberal, then some Americans who wanted to cut up Germany after World War II were fascists. If Grass can reconcile himself to a divided Germany, he might do more to help keep the peace.

But there is a lesson in this book for those who like to use terms such as 'democracy' and 'communism' and 'fascism' as if their use had one absolute meaning. If Grass is a good German, and he may very well be, heaven help us from the ones in Bonn who still have remnants of their Nazi past affixed to their tailcoats.

MOVIE

Just when you thought there was nothing that hadn't been done on film along comes

Age of Consent,
a Columbia Pictures
Release, starring
James Mason

Mason plays, with his usual masterful restraint, an alimony paying Australian who decides to return home to enjoy fun and games at the races and in bed. But the plus comes about when Mason, living on a small off-shore island inhabited by the pubescent Cora, played by Helen Mirren and her alcoholic grandmother and man-hunting Isabel Marley. Between diving for shellfish Cora poses in the nude for Mason. All goes sexually and sensually well until Mason's buddy Nat Kelly joins them. Here comes the big scene in which the director and writer have outdone themselves. For the first time on the screen, here, there or anywhere, there is a sexy, sensual, gripping love-scene between male and female dogs. It all comes about when Kelly is swimming bare in the surf and his dog and Isabel Marley's dog come together. Suggestive of whatever else he has in mind, Kelly has to separate the clutched dogs in front of the heaving, panting, 'why-does-it-always-happen-to-someone-else' Miss Marley.

Isabel, and it doesn't take her long to get the idea, pursues Kelly with rape in mind. Kelly goes after Cora. The grandmother goes after Mason for seducing her granddaughter, who is under the age of consent.

Mason, who has had a lot of experience in 'Georgy Girl' and 'Lolita' handles his role with all the delicacy and tact due from a man who has no compunctions about sleeping with an adolescent. The performances are all good to excellent. The scenery is great for the outward bound traveler. And there's enough nudity to warrant continual looking, or peeking.

The plot gets interinvolved, but it really isn't that complicated, nor should it be. There's nothing profound, except maybe the death of the grandmother, who falls off a cliff. But that only proves that virtue and justice don't necessarily triumph, except in the making of 'Age of Innocence.'

RECORDS

"Respect, that's what the world needs, respect." Twenty-seven-year old Frank Zappa, chief mother of The Mothers of Invention says, "I'm interested in gaining an audience's respect!" And what better way than to grunt, grin, gesticulate and gyrate with a mad eroticism so as to make a Mothers concert a combination revolutionary revival meeting with all the sounds of satirical satyriasists. The novelty of it all, is that they are good musicians.

Zappa directs the group with assorted signals and crotch grabbing, often inviting the audience to participate in a sort of hypnotic, mass satire of the whole formal structure from Madison Avenue to Washington,, across the country and back.

Back of it all is an intense melange of sounds, not the least of which is the very expert Zappa guitar plus, among the nine, a couple of fine saxophones, piano and bass. The Mothers parody rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues; they parody themselves. They go after the whole mass of unwashed who go after everyone. Zappa and the Mothers have been called freaks--and maybe they are, in the sense that in an age when it's damn near impossible to be different, they're tryin', they're tryin'. The Mothers have been banned from radio stations with their less than subtle comments on the current scene. Even the title of a past album, purportedly by *Ruben and the Jets* was an undisguised thumb nosing at the institutional structure.

If the world is grotesque, Zappa wants to make you never forget it. He looks unkempt, unshaven, and very much in demand by the sub-teens, new teens and some over thirty. The Mothers had an album "We're Only In It for the Money" which is only partially literally true. Zappa knows how to play the pied-piper for the aficionados, bringing, in his own words, classical concepts to rock arrangements.

This artistry is evident in their latest release

Uncle Meat—
Bizarre 2Ms-2024

The music is from "The Mothers movie of the same name" which we haven't got enough money to finish yet." The pieces are disparate, seemingly without relevance, unless you think of them all as self-contained in the one album. There is an impressionistic dissonance that implies a relevance to the old and mostly, of course the modern. The 'ancient' music of the past decade is satirized and, just when you think it is some sort of a musical put on, you hear a melody reminiscent of Berlin and Kate Smith. You know it is a put on.

What it all adds up to, the short pieces and the long, is a blow at the structured society, the values which are making plastic jet molds of us all. The Mothers put it all down with 'Cruising for Burger' or with Christine's monologue likening the world of show biz to an itchy case of the crabs—with possibly the Mothers the musical campho-phenique. However, it makes a good album.

Should you dismiss "Uncle Meat" as one great big put down, or on, or up, Zappa has been lecturing on both coasts, from the New School in New York City to UCLA at something over $1,000 per lecture, which is not plastic at all.

BARBARA and JAN

The Double-Dating Sisters

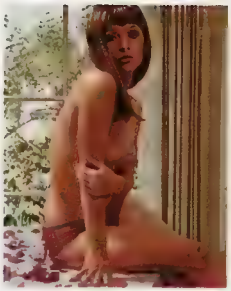
"The nerve of those guys," Barbara said to Jan. "We let them see the best part—er, side—of us all evening long and we still come home hungry." Said Jan to Barbara, "But you must admit they were good talkers and intellectually stimulating." "That kind of excitement, Jan," Barbara smirked at her sister, "I can find in a library. Incidentally, do you think they were trying to tell us something when they said if we wanted to eat we'd have to cook it ourselves?" "Well dear," Jan pouted, "it should be food for thought. After all, we didn't have to stay together, *all* the time!"

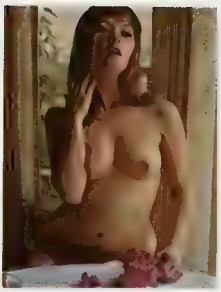
"Remember how nice and comfortable we made them feel, the heels. My guy got so excited he spilled his drinks. And when you offered to press his pants, Jan . . . Well, I can't understand why he didn't give them to you. Was he just bashful? Or, do you think we came on too strong?"

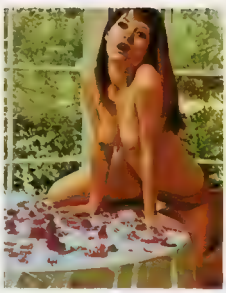
"Bashful or not, they were lots of fun. Just wonder what we did that scared them away?' "Maybe," Jan who was younger but wiser, answered, "maybe it was something that we didn't do!' "Well," Barbara replied, "if they don't come back, they'll never know what they're missing . . .

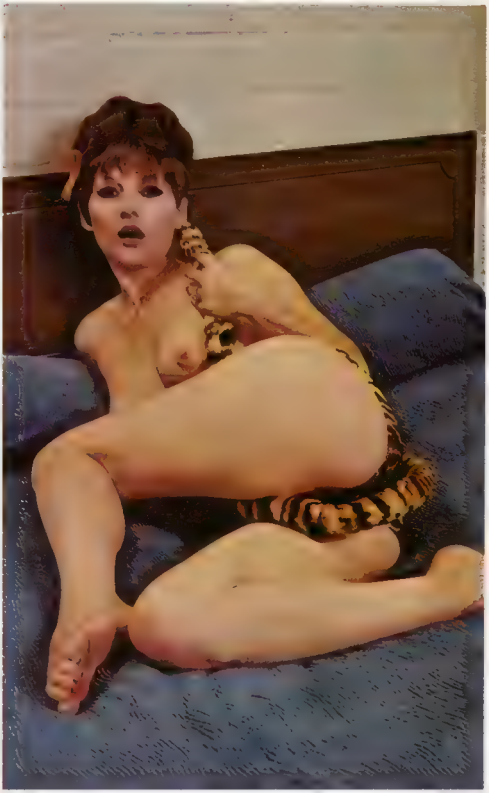
tomorrow is another night!

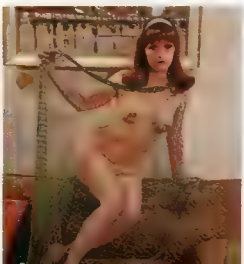
SUSAN STEWART











Always the outdoor girl, sweet Susan—a flower in her own right—spent years growing rare tea geraniums. So much like her are these pink flowers with fragrant, lobed leaves, they almost describe our Sue. However, S.S. likes all things that grow and develop—plant, animal—and especially man. So, if you are a man and want to spend a pleasant moment or two, drop in and take a peek at Susan's flower bed—you won't be sorry you did.

Susan obviously doesn't spend all her time in the hot house—although the men who know her will tell you that she radiates a heat all her own. So, between botany and boys Susan is kept well occupied—and derives a great deal of pleasure from each.

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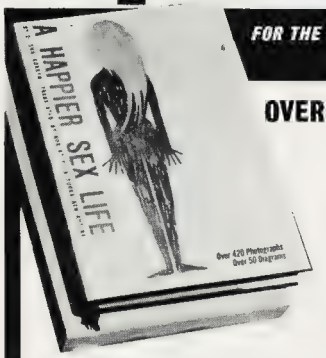

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[continued from page 37]

"I'll bet. You don't approve of me, do you?"

"Oh, hell," he said. What was the use in fooling around. "You're reading the inside of your forehead," he told her.

"A way with words, yet." She tilted her head, and those blue eyes were watchful. "Mr. Richards, I want you to lock up, and come with me. Something I want you to do."

"Now?"

"Not later."

"You checked with Mr. Martine?"

"This is important," she said. Let's go."

They left the shop and walked around to where her white Lincoln Continental was parked off the highway. He was deeply conscious of her. She stepped gingerly, the eyes slanting, the damp lips a red pout, that full, beautiful body an exasperation.

She drove fast as hell, over onto Alternate 19, and headed north. Her thighs were long and lush, the tight crimp of the black bikini little more than a shadow.

"You're quite a guy, Mr. Richards." He was silent.

"Don't you have a tongue?" she asked. She turned her head, stuck her pink tongue out to show him.

"Where we going?" he asked.

"You'll see."

They passed everything in sight, sped across a causeway, turned down a winding road between large homes, chest high walls, manicured green lawns.

"Here we are," she said, whirling into a gravel drive between black iron gate posts. They sped toward an immense, white colonial-style house, and she braked the car at the entrance. "C'mon, Mr. Richards."

He sensed something strangely eager in her now.

Inside, it was like a church, cool, fresh smelling.

"Upstairs, Mr. Richards." There was a little catch in her voice. He tagged her up the winding stairs, eyeing the movement of her body.

They came down a thickly carpeted hall, and she paused by a closed door.

"Prepare yourself," she whispered.

They stepped inside.

Abruptly, Jim Richards saw himself everywhere he looked. It was a large room, covered wall and ceiling with pink mirrors. A gigantic circular bed, decorated with a crimson spread was against the near wall. Mirrors were on every surface, except the far wall where there hung a large oil painting of a nude man and woman.

"Well?" she said, closing the door. "You sure are close-mouthed."

"You didn't have to bring me here, Mrs. Martine."

"But I wanted to. Can't you tell?"

"All right."

"You say all right to everything?"

"It depends."

She gave a throaty chuckle, moved up close, laid one thigh against his leg, and said, "I want you to love me. How about that?"

He grinned at her. "I should be at the shop. Suppose your husband drops by?"

"I don't give a damn."

"You always do this to him?"

"No, this is the first time."

She moved closer, put one arm around his neck, and kissed him on the mouth. She leaned into it, then drew away. "C'mon," she said. "There's nobody here."

He could see their reflections in the pink mirrors. He looked at her, grinning. She was out to get what she was certain she could have. She worked all day long, running to dog shows, cat shows, gin teas, cocktail mauls. José was becoming tiresome, and her natural vibrance excused her suddenly wanton eagerness.

He suddenly didn't give a damn. He knew she didn't.

He reached for her, and kissed her. She gave a sigh and slipped her tongue into his mouth, moving her legs slightly apart. The straw purse struck the floor.

"Strip me," she breathed.

He began peeling off that black bikini, his knuckles digging into the soft, lush, scented flesh. When she was naked, he marveled at that body. She was panting, now, her large breasts undulant, the provocative curve of her hips an eager promise.

She writhed against him with a wild concern, an avidity so sexual he was immediately swamped. She thrust against him, working her hips.

"Oh, Jim," she whispered.

Pulling him over to the bed, she sprawled down on the crimson spread. Immediately very soft music began playing, and he realized the mattress held a switch. He heard a gentle humming. As he stretched out beside her, long, nervous, silver-tipped fingers tore and twisted at his belt, quickly unzipped his pants. "Do it good—I can't wait—do it fast," she said.

Naked, they came together, rubbing, cleaving in abrupt, wild passion. Her hands were all over him, seeking. Her mouth sucked his throat, her tongue darting, and she moaned deep down, and there was an untame, curiously frightened look in those slanted blue eyes.

Jim Richards loved her the way she obviously wanted, needed. The lush mattress oozed beneath their furious bodies, and he had never had a woman so crazy for love. Little throaty moans began coming from her, her eyes rolling in her head, and then she began to

(continued on page 71)

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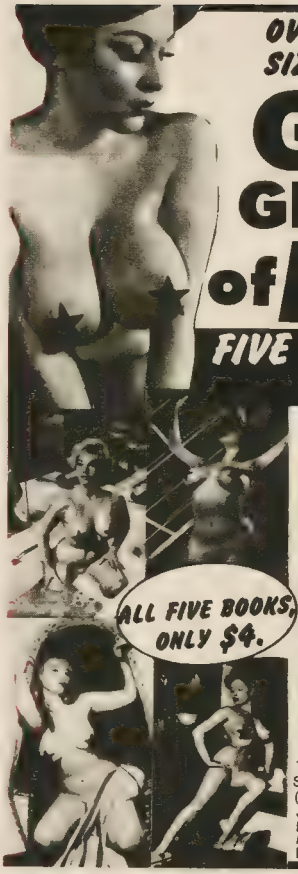

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SWING WITH ME
[continued from page 69]

squeal, digging fingernails into his back. Suddenly, she burst into uncontrollable laughter, those eyes streaming tears, panting, saying, "You bastard—you bastard, love me good—oh, you wonderful big bastard—you're a stallion—don't stop!"

Everything about her collapsed except her hips. They still pressed, as if searching for a last twinge of ecstasy, and then suddenly she fell back with a satiated groan.

She stared at him, and he could actually see the slow, lazy return of that natural disdain. He marveled at it. At first he could not believe it, but then it was obvious. The only thing was, she was forcing it.

She knelt on the bed, still eyeing him, then climbed off the bed and looked down at him.

"Thanks," she said.

"Think nothing of it."

He didn't try to figure her. It had been too good. She was everything she'd promised, and more. He would not forget her.

She moved, picked up the flimsy bikini, dressed quickly, ran fingers through that thick wealth of hair, rubbed her thigh with the palm of one hand.

"All through, now?" he asked.

She lifted her chin. "You're very good."

"So are you."

"I'd rather you'd forget it." All the cool quality had returned now. She was a poised, aloof woman.

"Baby," he said. "You slay me. Really. You came and got me, brought me here, begging for it—"

"Stop!"

"You practically raped me—"

"Stop, I tell you!"

"You loved every blessed minute, and you won't even admit it to yourself."

She gave a little toss of that beautiful head.

He got off the bed, reached out and grabbed her arm.

"You want it again?" he asked. "That what's the matter?"

She began to weep, silently, standing there. Fat tears worked from her eyes, and she watched him through a mist.

He let go her arm.

Her voice was suddenly soft. "When I said 'thanks,' I really meant it." She covered her mouth with her hand, then took her hand away, and smiled. "Honest, Jim—you're the best." She paused. "Come with me." She took his hand, tugged.

They moved to the mirrored far wall. She pressed a button and the mirrors folded back, revealing a shadowed, small room.

"Inside, Jim."

[continued on page 72]

Gay Sisters

WHAT HER "TEACHERS" DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE EXOTIC... SHE TAUGHT THEM!

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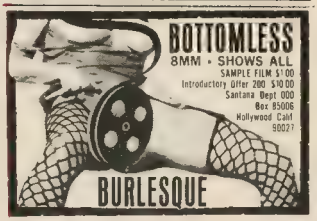

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SWING WITH ME

[continued from page 71]

She lit a light. He saw a movie camera fastened to the inside wall. It hummed. She turned it off. It had obviously been taking film of what happened in the bedroom, its lens at a small aperture in the big oil painting of the nude man and woman.

"Look," she said.

She pointed out another slot in the wall, through the painting. He pressed his eye to it. He saw the entire bed. An easy chair stood in the room, just high enough for the peep hole.

"This is José's real life," she said, her voice flat.

"You mean, he forces you to . . . ?"

"Not me, darling. He hires them, takes pictures, watches. His kicks, understand. He has reels and reels and he makes me look at them, nights." She paused. "No. Not me." She smiled at Jim Richards. "I'm special, you see? I'm a vase on the mantel, a lamp beside a chair, a picture on the wall."

"You mean—he can't—?"

"That's right, Jim. He can't. A toughie, huh?"

"But the humming. The camera, just now."

"I took pictures of us, Jim. I'll have something to watch in private, and to remember." Her blue eyes were suddenly blacker, hot. "Jim," she said, stepping close. She pressed against him. "Oh, Jim—please—"

It was immediately as strong with him as with her. In seconds they were half on the easy chair, half on the floor, and her body strained, her hips working, and she moaned and laughed and cried again. It was savage, and it lasted a long, groping, thrusting, animal-like time, and he knew he would have to travel a long way to find the likes of her again.

She drove him back to the shop on Redington, and for a moment he hesitated before leaving the car.

"Now you know why I said 'thanks,'" she told him. "I really meant it, Jim Richards."

He got out. She reached, touched his hand, smiled gently. The gleaming Lincoln's engine furred, and the car drew swiftly away.

The next day he saw her in the car, sitting there as José Martine drove past the shop. Jim Richards was out by the highway. José ignored him, but as the car flashed past, her head turned and one eye winked. José Martine was smoking a long black cigar.

Jim Richards never saw her again, because two days later he dropped everything and left for California. On the plane, munching a steak, he suddenly remembered that he didn't even know her first name.

He shook his head and grinned, signalled the pretty blonde stewardess for more coffee. Life was like that. •

[continued from page 9]

his hand. He turned and nodded. Soon he lay beside her. They proceeded to drink up.

"It doesn't pay to be literary, I guess," he said.

"What? Oh, that. Schiller. No, I've become very basic in approach." Brusquely—"Do you like my nudes?"

He looked at the sketches before answering.

"It's the same chick," he said.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"She's getting old. Fleshy in a Renoir way. There's something frantic in her expression. Lips and eyes. She seems to be"—he stopped.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me."

"It's really nothing. Honest."

She waited, thinking he might change his mind. "The others couldn't articulate about the sketches," she said finally.

They finished the glass in silence, she watching the wine contemplatively, he not taking his eyes off her. He wanted to talk to her, but was stuck for what to say. Once she shifted her eyes onto him, but turned away. The silence lengthened. They drank another quickly.

She nudged him and made a puffing gesture with her lips. He found the joint and matches by feeling along the night table. He lit up, took the first drag and handed the joint to her.

They passed it back and forth, taking a long suck and letting it fog their heads. He did not touch her, but he could feel the warmth of her thigh against his, smell the expensive perfume she was wearing, and it made him stretch his body lazily in pleasant anticipation. She did not move, only listened to a ticking clock on the night table. Then the phone again, jarring her from her smoky calm.

"Parker," again testing its sound, as she talked through the ringing.

"The artisan," he said.

"Artisan. Quite nice. Parker the artisan. He makes things."

"Damn fine things," glancing at the phone.

"You're high, aren't you, baby?"

"I suspect I am."

"You must be. Regular loquacious you are."

"I don't know your name," he said.

The phone stopped ringing at

[continued on page 74]

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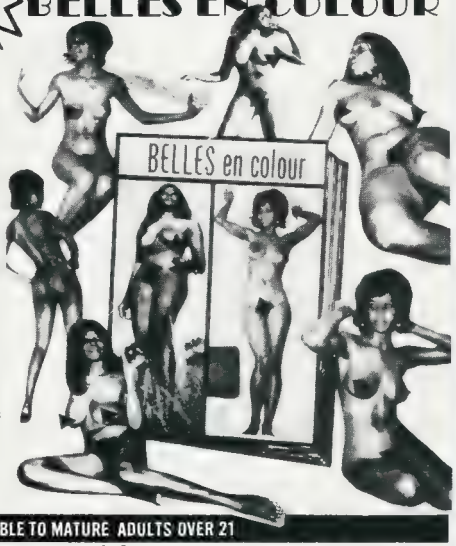

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[continued from page 73]

last.

"My name?" she said, in softer voice, "Lorna . . . Do you know it's derivation? Lost. The Old English word for lost . . . Oh, Christ"—glancing at the night table. "That clock. I can't stand that noise. That ungodly ticking. Would you, Parker?"—wagging an index finger at the clock.

"Sure," he said, getting up.

He settled on a closet that was catty-corner from the bed and left it there, between a stack of clean linen sheets. Then he stepped back to listen. He couldn't hear a thing. "Well, that takes care of . . . " When he turned around, she was naked.

The covers had been stripped back, the powder blue peignoir lay crumpled on the floor. Lorna was on her back, her head facing the wall. As he came towards her, she glanced at him, only her eyes moving. She tried to work the corners of her mouth into a smile, but couldn't.

He stopped at the night table for a drag, inhaled sharply, savored the smoke with half-closed lids, then returned the joint to the ash tray. He scratched the bottom of his nose with the back of his finger while standing and watching her. Her breasts rose and fell gently with her breathing, evenly and expertly.

She turned her head to look into a round, upright mirror, that was on the night table tilted forward to catch her image. Slowly, her lips parted: she opened her eyes wider. Her expression was mild and attentive. Then she laughed, quietly, scornfully, with a quick release of air from her mouth.

"Higher, baby," Lorna said, pointing to the grass on the table.

He started to make the smoke but she roused herself and insisted she would do it. She prepared the paper and stuffings, then inserted it into a rolled-up matchbook. She glanced at him to see if he knew what she was doing.

"Supercharge, Lorna?"

"Mmmm," closing her eyes, dreamily.

She took the lit cigarette—inserted in the matchbook—and put it into her mouth, the burning end first. She inhaled, holding the smoke in her mouth. Parker, next to her now, drew on the joint from the other end, just as she blew her smoke back into the cigarette, through the cylinder and into his lungs. The

[continued on page 76]

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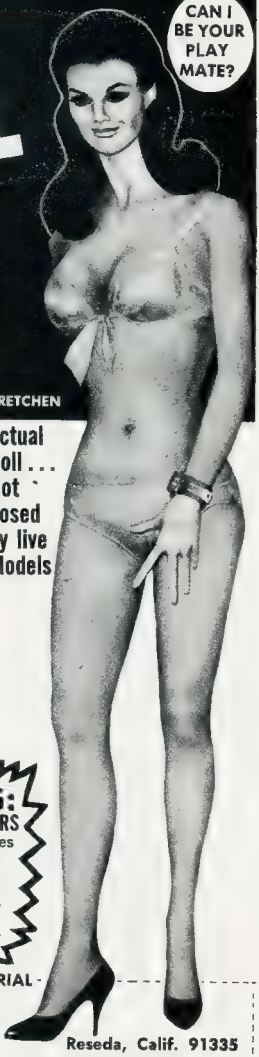

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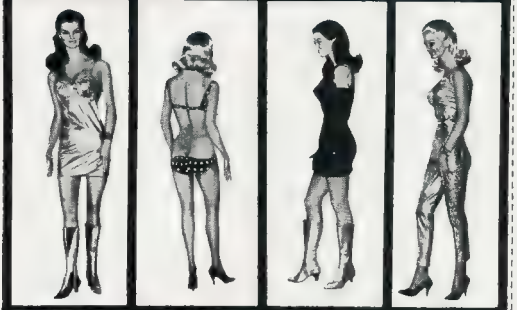

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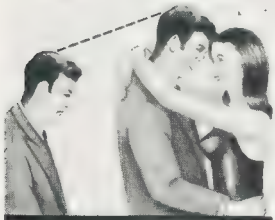

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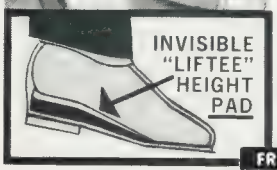

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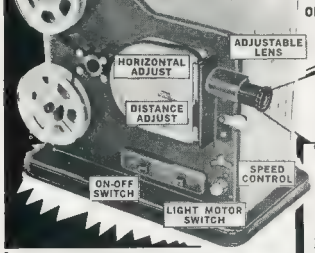

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[continued from page 74]

higher percentage of carbon dioxide mingled with the marijuana smoke would get the chemical cannabinol into the bloodstream more quickly. They proceeded to get higher.

For a long while after, they held each other and did not speak, content with the bubbling in their heads. Then, in the big-eyed, in-grinning savoring stage:

"I read where the blackest Africans used to supercharge," she said.

"Pot?"

"Something hallucinogenic. Who knows? It got heir kinky heads fuzzy."

"Mmm."

"That Alice broad used to recommend hashish. Alice what's her name? Toklas. Alice B. Toklas. Recommended it as a refreshment for a ladies bridge club or a chapter meeting of the D.A.R."

"Who's this Alice?" he asked.

"Oh yes, arts-and-crafts Parker. Haven't you ever heard of Gertrude Stein?"

"Hemingway's Gertrude Stein?"

"Very good. Yes, she was Gertrude's travelling companion. A good broad. I like old Alice . . . I dig you too, Parker. I don't know why, but I do."

He looked at her closely, trying to see her with a fresh vision, trying to understand the nuances of her expression. But she was staring at the ceiling, even as she was telling him she liked him. Not that it mattered. If she was putting him on, he didn't particularly care. He just wanted to get on with it.

So he touched her with the tips of his fingers, neither shyly nor brazenly, touching gently across her cheekbone for the sake of stirring some reaction, any reaction in her.

She closed her eyes, and smiled, and squeezed her shoulders together in a kind of disembodied embrace of herself. Then she lay back and waited, her face regally expectant, for further small pleasures. Parker was on his side watching her, and working to keep himself detached just awhile longer. It was not easy. She was more attractive to him in her quietitude.

But in that interlude of restraint, she grew uneasy. The skin beneath her eye contracted upward, as if focusing on the silence; she ran her tongue across her lips. She was waiting in the silence, listening, but could hear nothing. Parker lay absolutely

[continued on page 78]

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[continued from page 76]

still. She reached and touched him, as though to caress him, but he did not respond. She frowned, and finally opened her eyes.

He was propped on his elbow, looking down at her.

"What?" she said.

He shrugged, knowing she wanted him to talk to her. Anything . . . about her. Like: you're beautiful, I love you, your mouth, neck, the good full tits and sweet thighs and that thing of yours and even the toes, all of you, god yes, all of you even—her eyes stared at his, but Parker did not meet them. No need to. He felt the tracing of her nail against his thigh, softly at first, then digging into the flesh as if she meant to sting it some. He knew it was time to kiss her.

He did, drawing her to him and kissing her, doing it without thinking any more, just doing it. He was on top of her then, touching, kissing, not rushing anywhere, content to make gentle discoveries. He rolled her onto her side, then onto her back again, embracing, kissing intimately along her body. Once, her lips shaped words, but they were not spoken. Instead she shrugged to whatever dialogue was in her head, and he continued kissing until her body was juiced up.

On their backs, they relaxed, no longer fearing whether they could give each other pleasure. There was more to come, but no nurry. They had bed trust between them now, they had that if nothing much more. But it was enough. So they relaxed.

"I can't"—she cleared her throat —"figure you, Parker."

"Why I called, you mean?"

"Mmm. Yes. Exactly that."

"I'm trying to figure about you," he said. "And the . . . uh . . . thing you wrote on the wall."

She smiled. "*Sex or Anything* . . . and my phone. Not terribly clever. Nor subtle. Nor, I think, typical of me. Still"—and now she smiled and puckered her lips humorously—"still . . . "

The phone rang once more. She closed her eyes in exasperation, but this time motioned for the receiver, which he quickly handed to her. She avoided his eyes as she took it.

"What is it?" she said curtly, her lips pinching in at the corners.

She listened to the voice on the other end and, with a show of annoyance on her face, nodded. One eye

[continued on page 80]

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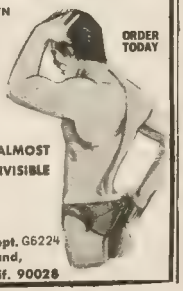

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[continued from page 78]

was snut as if she were concentrating on what was being spoken.

"No," she said. "I'm high. Real high . . . H-I-G-H . . . What?"—frowning now. "In bed . . . None of your damn business. You don't own me, baby . . . Not now. Not ever"—both eyes open. "Uh-huh . . . Uh-huh. You know something. You can be ludicrous at times . . . ludicrous. Pathetically laughable . . . Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Yuh, that's right . . . That's right . . . Listen. I've got nothing more to say to you. I'm hanging up now," and she did, but not before Parker heard the protesting voice on the other end.

No sooner had Lorna turned away than the phone began to ring again, which brought a mocking smile to her lips. She picked up the receiver and listened to the voice before placing it on its cradle. When she took it up again, she heard the dial tone, then set it on the night table, off its cradle. The steady hum on the line soon turned into a spasmodic whine, but it didn't appear to bother them.

Lorna drew aside Parker and proceeded to unbotton his shirt.

"I sometimes think I'd like to get rid of that damn phone," she said.

He tried to conceal a smile, but couldn't.

"What is it?" she asked." . . . Oh. Yes. Then I'd be out of . . . visitors, wouldn't I?"

"They could always wire," he said.

"Most of them aren't that sort. The Western Union sort, I mean. I think of their natural habitat as phone booths."

"A tough avocation you've chosen."

"Perhaps I should give it up and go straight," she said.

He didn't hear her. He was busy watching his toe, which was moving along her thigh.

"And take up something respectable like crafts," she went on, ignoring what he was doing.

No reaction from him.

Her voice became louder, in an almost theatrical way. "I said that I might be able to learn crafts," she said.

"Yeah, you could do that," he said flatly.

She eyed him warily, looking for a sign that his bluff manner was merely a joke. He gave her no indication, only stared at the toe, which continued in a gently caressing fash-

[continued on page 82]

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[continued from page 80]

ion at her thigh. She felt a flush of anger in her face, and waited for him to stop.

"I wish you'd say something to me," she said, knowing she was too eager, but not caring.

He pretended not to hear, just persisted with his toe.

"What are you doing?" she said, trying to edge away from him.

He felt the toe at the fuzz of her pelvis.

"Nothing," he said.

"Like hell you're not. What is it? Some sort of neurotic . . . gambit."

She continued to move away, but the toe stayed with her.

"That's a funny thing to say . . . considering the source," he said.

"I asked you a question, Parker."

"And I answered your question, Miss Lorna."

He kept the toe gently where it was.

"You didn't answer," she said.

"A French novel," he said.

"What?" distractedly. "What's that, damn it?"

"In the book stalls. In Paris."

"I don't follow, Parker. I don't have the vaguest idea what you're talking about."

"The toe thing, Lorna dear. It's from a cheap French novel I bought when I was abroad."

Her mouth opened, the lips moved almost without sound. "God damn mutha."

"Easy, baby," slowly withdrawing the toe.

"Playing some sort of game with me."

He was going to answer, but let it pass. She would see things later.

She was sitting up now, and staring at him—as if she had really seen him for the first time. "You're really not so nice, Parker," she said. "Your style is deceptive."

"Elusive," he said, dryly. "Elusive."

He tilted his head reflectively, then looked at her with a mild expression. "We'll get along now, won't we?" he said.

She glanced at the telephone, then at Parker. A wry smile was on her lips.

"I know," he said. "She's probably a great chick. But . . . .that's your problem," glancing at the sketches on the wall. "Or do you prefer dilemma?" And he kissed her and tasted the wine under her tongue. •

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

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